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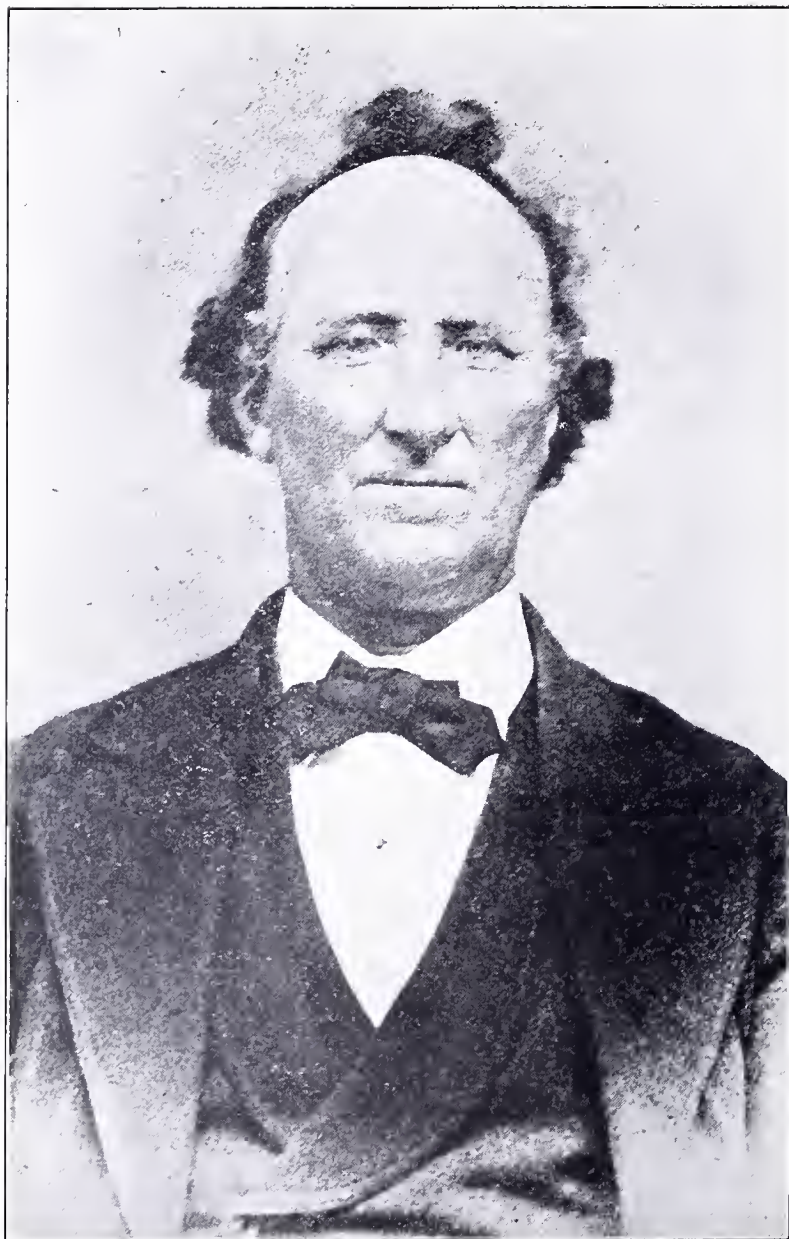
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HARRISBURG, PA.



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AARON HALL (1828-1892)—"The Lion Hunter of the Juniata."
Slayer of 50 Pennsylvania Panthers Between 1845 and 1869.

(FRONTISPIECE)

Extinct Pennsylvania Animals

PART I.

The Panther and the Wolf



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By HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

(Author of "A Pennsylvania Bison Hunt," Etc.)


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ALTOONA, PENNA.

1917

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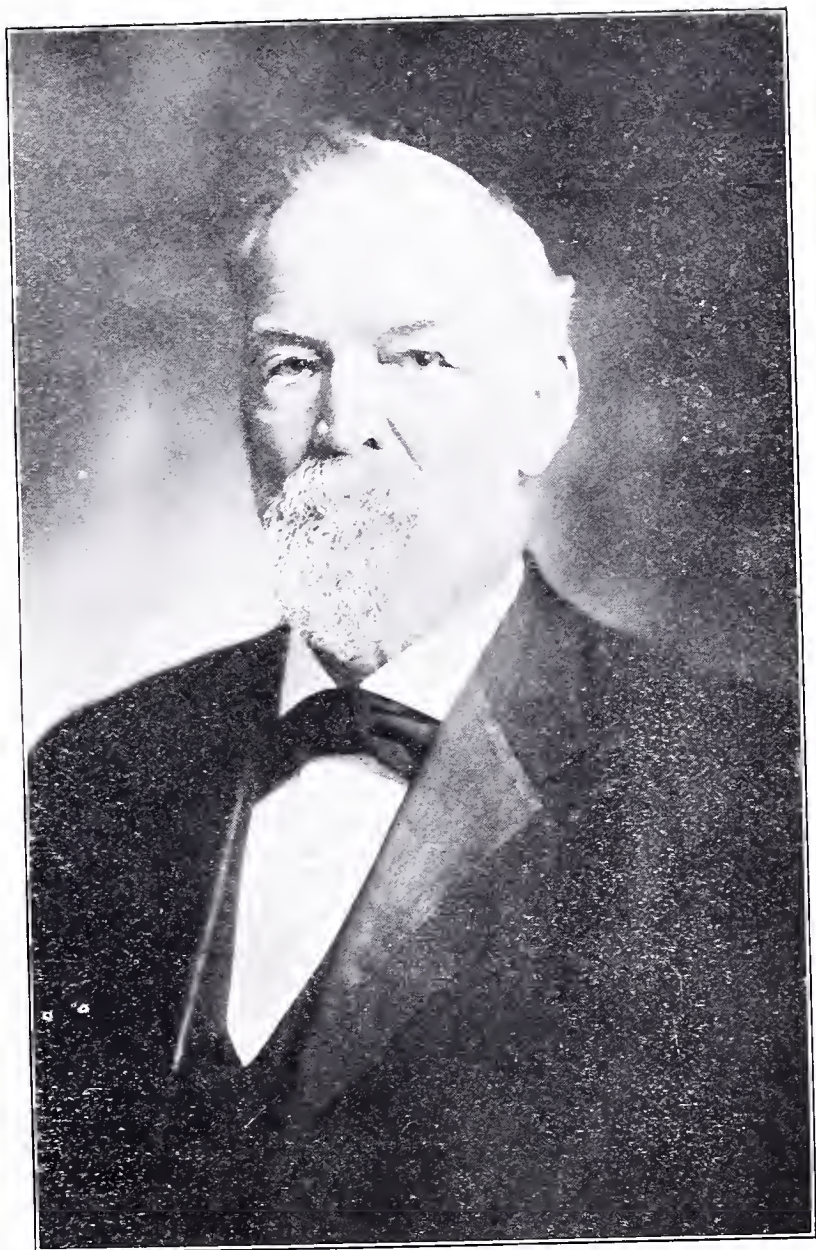
The Pennsylvania Lion or Panther

(REVISED EDITION)

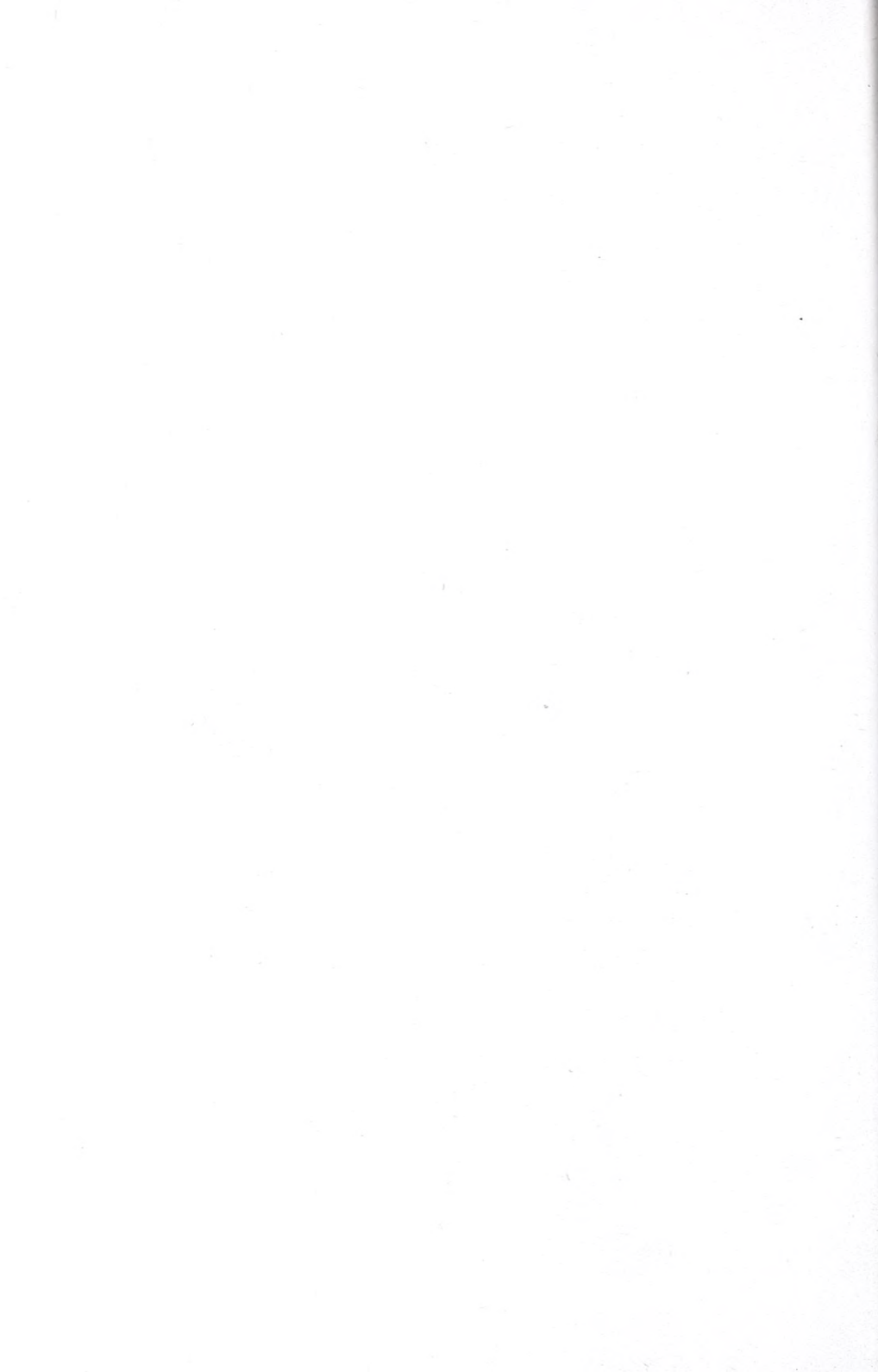
*“Une panthere ou un lion, me disait
je, serait loge a souhait la dedans!”*
—Bombonnel







HON. COLEMAN K. SOBER,
For 21 Years a Member of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.
World Renowned Shot—Intimate Friend of Aaron Hall.



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I. PREFACE.

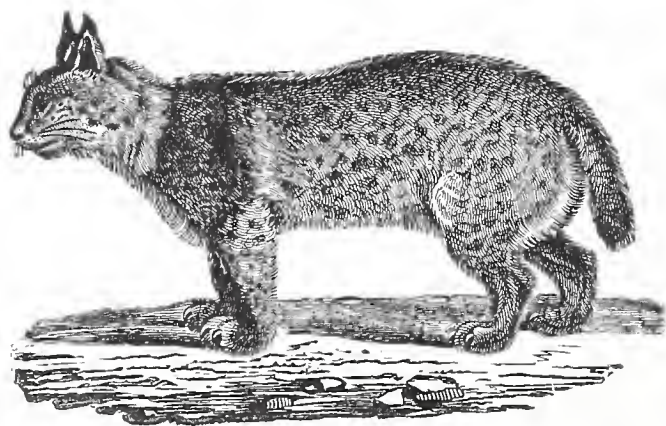
THE object of this pamphlet is to produce a narrative blending the history and romance of the once plentiful Lion of Pennsylvania. While pages have been written in natural histories describing this animal's unpleasant characteristics, not a word has been said in its favor. It has never even had an apologetic. In reality the Pennsylvania Lion needs no defenders, as those who understand him realize the nobility of his nature. From reading John W. Godman's "American Natural History," published in 1828, one would imagine that the Pennsylvania Lion, or, as it is most commonly called, the panther, was a most terrible beast. Among other things he says: "In the daytime the cougar is seldom seen, but its peculiar cry frequently thrills the experienced traveler with horror, while camping in the forest for the night." Even Mary Jemison, "The White Woman of the Genesee," speaks of "the terrifying shrieks of the ferocious panther," as she heard it in her childhood days on Marsh Creek, Franklin County. In reality the panther was an inoffensive creature, desiring only to be let alone, yet brave when attacked by dogs, and respectful of man. A single hunter in St. Lawrence County, New York, met five panthers together, of which, with his dog and gun, he killed three at the time and the next day the other two. The first settlers finding it in the woods set out to kill it as they did

with every other living thing from the paroquet to the heath-cock, from the northern hare to the pine marten, from the passenger pigeon to the wild turkey, without trying to study it, or give it a chance. Economically the panther was of great value for the hide, meat, and oil, and as the finest game animal which Pennsylvania produced. As former Governor Glynn, of New York, said in a message to the Legislature, "Game should be conserved to furnish a cheap food supply." In the following pages will be found the bulk of the information which the writer has been able to collect on the subject of the panther in Pennsylvania. It has been prepared from the point of view of the old hunters, whom the writer has interviewed. While there are some statements which are liable to be declared scientifically incorrect, they are printed for what they are worth, as the authorities were as reliable as *unscientific* observers can be. The writer has consulted practically every book which contains a mention of the panther in the Keystone State, and also many other works on the cougar of the United States and Central and South America. He does not seek to "split hairs" and make the Pennsylvania Lion a separate variety, greater or grander than its relatives in other parts. The statement is herein made that Pennsylvania panthers were the largest known in the East, and this the writer believes to be correct. The romantic part of the panther's sojourn among us has been dilated upon whenever possible. This animal, above all others, added most to the legendary lore of the State. But the chief effort



CLEMENT F. HERLACHER,
With a Panther Cub Taken in Treaster Valley, Mifflin County,
in 1893.

of these pages will be to disprove many of the stories derogatory to the animal, to give a hearing to its side of the case and a wider knowledge of its beauty and usefulness. This is done in case a time should come when "red-blooded" sportsmen will decide to reintroduce the panther as our leading game animal. Then there would be at least one published work which would show the misjudged "cougar" in a favorable light. Though perhaps lacking in scientific exactness, these pages would contain a brief for its existence. Southern panthers may still visit the wilder localities of Pennsylvania, and a wider knowledge of the animal might help prevent a general onslaught against these wanderers. In this connection it might be well to state that the wandering panthers are smaller than those which held their fixed abode in a single valley. In Algeria, where wandering leopards or "panthers" are found, they are called Berrani, whereas those which remain in one locality are called Dolly. The Berrani, (the Hunting Leopard) strangely enough, is smaller than the Dolly. Natural history has many parallels, coincidences and mysteries. All of them teach us the wonders of existence and should make us deal gently with every form of God's lesser creatures. We have no right to say which animals shall be destroyed and which spared. Just as we look with scorn on the wasteful methods of the old-time lumbermen of Pennsylvania, we will before long cherish the same opinion of the men who wantonly destroyed the wild life of the Commonwealth.



II. HISTORY.

THE history of the panther seems to be as old as the Indians themselves. The Erie tribe who were blotted out by the Iroquois in 1656 were called the Yenresh, or "the long tailed," which was Gallicised into "Eri," hence Erie, "the place of the panther." The French called the Erie, "Nation du Chat," or Cat Nation, which was simply a translation of Yenresh, the name of the panther. Nation du Chat means "Panther Nation," which is the real name of the Erie.

From the earliest times the Pennsylvania lion has been unjustly feared. The first Swedish settlers on the Delaware hunted it unmercifully. They could not but believe that an animal which howled so hideously at night must be a destroyer of human life. When William Penn first landed at Philadelphia the range of the panther still extended to the outskirts of the city of Brotherly Love. In a letter to his friends in England, written during his first visit to his province, he said: "Of living creatures, fish, fowl, and the beasts of the wood, here are divers sorts, some for food and profit, and some for profit only; for food as well as profit, the elk, as big as a small ox; deer, bigger than ours, beaver, raccoon, rabbits, squirrels, and some eat young bear and commend it. The creatures for profit only, by skin or fur, and which are natural to these parts, are the wild cat, panther, otter, wolf, fisher,

minx, muskrat, etc." This shows that the sagacious Quaker was awake to the commercial possibilities of the panther and other animals. On a number of occasions he expresses himself in favor of the protection of fur-bearing animals, except when their coats were in prime condition. Certain of the Mingo Indians hated the panther, classing it with the wolf and wild cat, as one of the few animals which were at perpetual war with their God of the chase, Kanistagia. By the beginning of the eighteenth century the panther was driven back as far as the western limits of the present Chester County. By 1750 it was rarely found East of the Blue Mountains. Here it made its stand for more than three-quarters of a century. By 1840 it was driven further West, its limits being approximately a line drawn across the State in a Northeasterly direction, beginning at the Eastern border of Fulton County, through Perry County, thence along the North Branch to Wilkes-Barre, and from thence across to Honesdale. By 1870 the range was closed in to the following counties: Clearfield, Centre, Mifflin, Clinton, Potter, Lycoming and Susquehanna. By 1880 Clearfield, Centre and Mifflin contained the only native panthers, though wanderers from West Virginia continued traveling through some of the Western and Northern counties. In 1895 the range was limited to two valleys only, viz: Haverhill and Treaster, in Mifflin County, when the last native race of panthers disappeared. Dr. J. T. Rothrock, former Forestry Commissioner of Pennsylvania, heard the weird cry in Treas-



GEORGE G. HASTINGS,
Who Killed Two Panthers in Centre County in 1871.

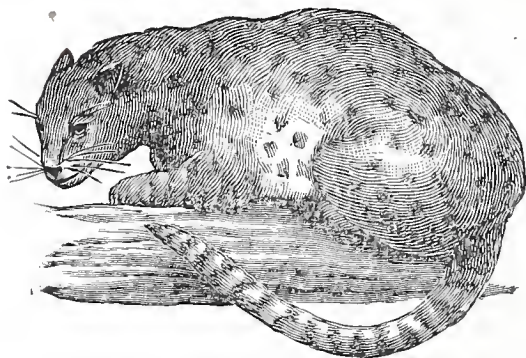
ter Valley, in 1893. Of all the animals of Pennsylvania the panther is by far the most picturesque, and has been treated in the most fantastic manner by early writers. In an old history of the Lenni-Lenape, published nearly a century ago, a writer states: "There are many animals which the Indians in Pennsylvania were accustomed to hunt, some on account of their value, and others because of the mischief they did. Among these the panther is a terrible animal. Its cry resembles that of a child, but this is interrupted by a peculiar bleating like that of a goat, which betrays it. It gnarls over its prey like a cat. It possesses astonishing strength and swiftness in leaping and seizing hogs, deer and other animals. When pursued, even with a small dog, it leaps into a tree, from which it darts upon its enemy. If the first shot misses, the hunter is in imminent danger. They do not, in common, attack men, but if hunters or travelers approach a covert, in which the panther has its young, their situation is perilous. Whoever flies from it is lost. It is, therefore, necessary for those threatened with an attack to withdraw gently, walking backward, and keeping their eyes fixed on the animal, and even if they miss an aim in shooting at it, to look at it steadfastly." It was these early inaccurate accounts which caused the public clamor against the Pennsylvania lion, resulting in the enactment of bounty laws and speedy extermination. In 1850, John Hamilton, a surveyor, encountered a female panther and two cubs crossing the Coudersport pike, going in the direction of Little

Chatham Run. Though within twenty feet of the huge female, the animal made no effort to molest the gentleman. So much for the great danger of approaching where "a panther has its young!" Dr. Caspar Wistar, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, originally owned the land on which the towns of Loganton and Carroll, in Clinton County, now stand. As there were no railroads in those days, Dr. Wistar, when on his periodical visits to Sugar Valley, drove in his own conveyance, accompanied by Hercules, his faithful colored servant. Just previous to one of his visits, Henry Barner, a pioneer, whose "old homestead," near the mouth of Carroll Gap, is still standing, killed a panther in his front yard. He shot the monster, it is said, as it was about to spring at him. It was found to measure more than eleven feet * from tip to tip. Upon reaching the neighborhood Dr. Wistar soon learned that an unusually large panther had been killed by Mr. Barner, and immediately proceeded to the home of the settler to ascertain the particulars of the capture. As he approached the dwelling he saw lying in the yard the grinning head of the panther in an advanced stage of decomposition, but, being prompted by a desire to further his scientific researches, he desired to procure it for dissection, regardless of its condition. Accordingly he ordered his servant to place the head in his carriage that he might take it to Philadelphia. This the Negro did, but for years afterward he would laugh about "dat limburger smell under de seat." This Negro's son became so im-

III. DESCRIPTION.

AFTER interviewing many old-time panther hunters and persons who saw the Pennsylvania lion alive or recently killed, among them Jacob Quiggle (1821-1911), John H. Chatham, George G. Hastings, Seth Iredell Nelson (1809-1905), Clement F. Herlacher and others, the writer has evolved the following description of the Lion of Pennsylvania: Body, long, slim, head large (averaging eight inches in mature specimens, wide in proportion to length); legs strong, short; forelegs like the African lion, stouter than hind legs; tail, long and tufted at end; color greyish about the eyes; hairs within the ears grey, slightly tinged with yellow; exterior of ears blackish; those portions of the lips which support the whiskers, black; the remaining portion of the lip pale chocolate; throat, grey; beneath the neck pale yellow. General color, reddish in Potter County, shading from a dull gray to a slate further South in the State. The hide of a West Virginia pantheress killed on the Greenbriar River, Pocohontas County, in 1901, three-quarters grown, owned by Hon. C. K. Sober, of Lewisburg, has long white hair on chest and belly, a fluffy, dark brown tail, culminating in a large tuft of black hair, like the tip of the tail of an African lion. It measured seven feet three inches from tip to tip. Georges Buffon, whose French work on Natural His-

pressed by the wonders of the forest life that he took employment as body-servant to Ario Pardee, the millionaire lumberman, and under the name of "Black Sam," was well known in the old-time lumber and hunting country in Central Pennsylvania.

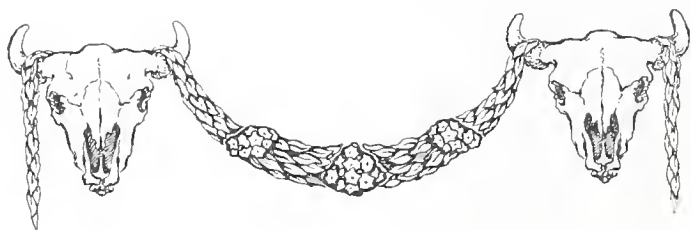


tory is an authority, in speaking of the *Cougar de Pennsylvanie*, says: "It is low on its legs, has a longer tail than the Western puma; it is described as five feet six inches in length, tail two feet six inches; height before, one foot nine inches; behind, one foot ten inches." Dr. C. Hart Merriam says that the head of the Adirondack panther was proportionately small. The head of the Pennsylvania panther, according to the concensus of opinion, was large and round. George G. Hastings says that the panthers he killed had heads "like bulldogs." Of the three mounted specimens now in existence, all of which are fortunately mounted with the skulls, the heads are large. The size of the head and jaws of the specimen in the Museum at State College, which is magnificently mounted, is the most noticeable feature of the manikin. The hair of the female panther was somewhat longer than the males. Many naturalists claim that the tails of the female cougars are shorter than the males. Pennsylvania panther hunters aver that the tails of the females were as long as the males, although very few females were captured. The Pennsylvania lion was known by a great variety of names. William Penn called it the panther—why, cannot be imagined; it is colored very differently from the *panthere* of Northern Africa, which he probably had in mind. The backwoodsmen called it the *painter*; there is a Painter Run in Tioga County, a Painterville in Westmoreland County, and painter hollows and painter rocks innumerable all over the State. Semi-humorous persons alluded to it as the

Pennsylvania lion, but this in turn has become its most dignified cognomen. It is interesting to note that Peter Pentz, the famous Indian fighter, killed a *maned* male panther near McElhattan Run, Clinton County, in 1798. The Indians told the Dutch settlers on Manhattan Island that the hides of panthers they brought there to sell were from females, that the males had manes and were difficult to capture. Perhaps the earliest form of the panther possessed maned males. They may be a modification of the prehistoric lions which Prof. Leidy called *felis atrox*, and which ranged parts of the continent. The Indians may have repeated an old tradition, and not something made out of the whole cloth. Panthers lived in shallow caves along the steep slopes of the rockier of the Pennsylvania mountains. Peter Pentz, it is said, crawled into a deep cavern to kill the maned panther and its mate. George Shover blocked up a panther in a cave on Little Miller Run, Lycoming County, in 1865, built a fire and suffocated the beast. There have been a few Pennsylvanians who called the Pennsylvania lion the cougar, and a still smaller number who alluded to it as the puma. There has been a wide range to the scientific nomenclature. S. N. Rhoads, the Philadelphia naturalist, who knows more about the panther than any other man in the State, gives preference to *felis couguar*. This is undoubtedly superior to *felis concolor*, which conveys very little. Others have referred to it as the American Lion, Brown Tiger and Catamount. The last title refers more properly to the

Canada Lynx, or big grey wild cat. The Pennsylvania Germans used to call the panther the Bender. Philip Tome, in his "Thirty Years a Hunter," tells of Rice Hamlin killing a panther on the Tiadaghton weighing 200 pounds. About 175 pounds was a good average weight for a mature Pennsylvania Lion. Tome, who also was probably the greatest of all Pennsylvania hunters of big game, has recorded many of his hunting adventures in a book entitled "Thirty Years a Hunter." He was a sportsman as well as hunter, never killing recklessly. Though he makes no recapitulation of panthers which fell to his unerring bullets, his descendants estimate that he killed at least 500 of these noble animals. One of his grandsons, George L. Tome, a noted hunter, resides at Corydon, in Warren County. Old Mifflin County hunters described a panther killed by John Reager and William Dellett near Milroy in 1869 as being so large that when the carcass was thrown across the shoulders of a horse the head dragged on one side and the tail on the other. According to the Pennsylvania hunters the specimens of *felis cougar* now seen in Zoological gardens have faded coats, or else the western individuals are plainer colored. It is said that the winter sunlight shining on the many tinted coats of the Pennsylvania lion was a sight beautiful to behold. Even in death the hides retain the rich fulvous, fawn, orange and lemon tints for forty years or more. George G. Hastings vividly describes a magnificent male panther which sunned itself and

rolled in the snow on the breast of a splash dam on Big Run, Centre County, in February, 1872, when he was alone and unarmed at a nearby camp. The great feline seemed to be aware of the Nimrod's *unpreparedness*, lingering about the premises for upwards of an hour. A Florida panther killed near Miami in the winter of 1914, measures, length of head and body 56 inches, length of tail 28 inches. The hide was sent to the writer by the naturalist Rhoads. It represents the extreme peninsular dark phase, being a rich chocolate brown in color. The head is small, as is the head of the West Virginia panther, previously alluded to; the coat of the West Virginia specimen is a paler brown, lacking much of the richness of the Florida hide. A dark dorsal line from shoulders to tip of tail is very noticeable on the Florida specimen, but like the West Virginia hide it has the tuft at end of tail. A mounted Florida panther in the Museum of Natural History, New York City, is a sooty, or slate grey in color, very different from the hide procured by Mr. Rhoads.





EMMANUEL HARMAN, Born 1832.
A Clinton County Hunter and Authority on the Habits of the
Pennsylvania Lion.

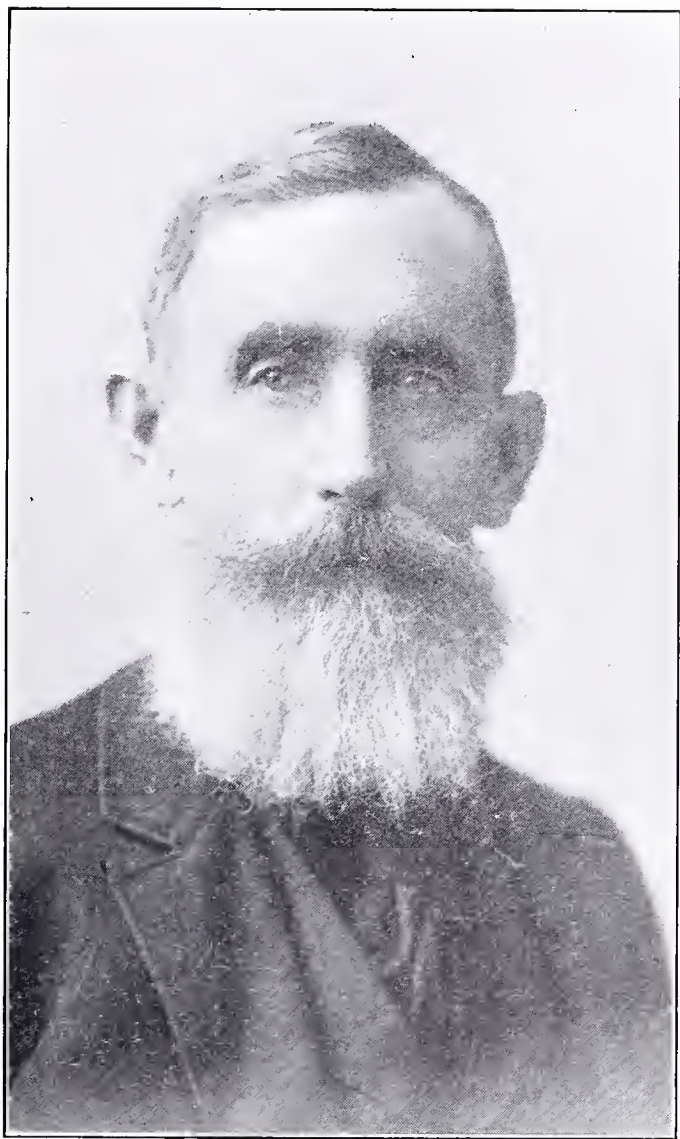
IV. HABITS.

IT is unfortunate that when the Pennsylvania lion was prevalent no local naturalists made an attempt to study the habits of the noble animal. Mr. S. N. Rhoads, in his "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey," gives us the most complete account, but it was written years after the animal's disappearance and mostly from hearsay evidence. In the first place, the panther of Pennsylvania was not "unnecessarily cruel." It fed mostly on decrepit and wounded deer and elk, sickly game birds and rabbits, also on mice, rats, bugs, worms and berries. It was also a scavenger, eating animals which had died after receiving wounds from hunters, and those which had succumbed from natural causes. In a forest it was a decidedly beneficial element. It never killed more than it could eat under any circumstances. There is no authentic case of the Pennsylvania lion having attacked human beings even when wounded. There is a story prevalent in Lycoming County of a doctor having been eaten by a panther about 1840; later researches prove that he was lost in the snow and died of exposure. Wolves, panthers and hawks picked his carcass, not knowing enough to respect a human corpse, but that was the very worst. D. S. Maynard, in his "Historical View of Clinton County," published in 1874, tells of an occasion when the workmen on the State Road between Renovo and Germania found the bones of a man "who

no doubt had been killed and eaten by a panther." Probably the man died from exposure, and his carcass was chewed up by the lion. The same author mentions an instance near Young Woman's Town, now North Bend, where a panther killed and devoured an ox, and another instance where a panther killed a fox, which, jackal fashion, had been following it to obtain a share of the "swag." Another case, on Pine Creek, on the Clinton County shore, is that of a child going after the cows, which had to pass under an overhanging timber of an abandoned dam, on which a panther was crouched, and the brute springing on the child devoured it. This was supposed to have happened about 1820, but no names are obtainable. The child was probably lost in the woods or kidnaped by the Indians who camped at the mouth of the creek. When wounded, panthers courageously attacked the dogs, but refused to molest hunters. When about to be knifed or shot, these animals are known to have looked the hunters in the eyes and shed real tears. It is recorded that panthers made interesting and affectionate pets. An admirer in Philadelphia sent a young Pennsylvania lion to Edmund Kean, a celebrated English actor. It followed him about the streets of London, attracting more attention than Alderman Parkin's team of quaggas. D'Azara's tame panther is recorded as being gentle, but very sluggish. Agnes Sorel, the celebrated Parisian actress, was presented with a lively young panther by a South American admirer. A short time ago the lady presented the animal to the Jardin

des Plantes, where it can be seen and admired by multitudes. Several "pilots" on the West Branch of the Susquehanna kept panther cubs on their rafts, which were as playful as kittens. In Pennsylvania the rutting season usually occurred in December, and according to the old hunters, the period of gestation lasted three lunar months. Jack Long, the famous hunter in discussing the subject with Dr. W. J. McKnight, author of "Pioneer Outline History of Northwestern Pennsylvania," said that panthers brought forth their young in September. Audubon says gestation took 97 days, and Dr. Conklin, former director of Central Park Zoological Garden, New York City, claims 91 days as the period. Three to six pups was the number of young produced by Pennsylvania panthers. Jesse Logan, Indian panther hunter, says that panther cubs were delicate, and many died while teething. Audubon says there have been instances of five at a birth, in speaking of the species in general. Samuel Askey, the great Centre county panther slayer, obtained four pups in a nest on more than one occasion. In 1871 Calvin Wagner, of Bannerville, Snyder county, when crossing the Seven Mountains near Zerby, found a pantheress stretched out across the path, playing with six healthy looking pups. He was unarmed, and as the panthers made no move to vacate, he took a detour to pass them. Hurrying down the mountain he obtained a rifle from a settler near Penn's Creek, and returned to the spot, but the animals were nowhere to be seen. On the return, he encountered a

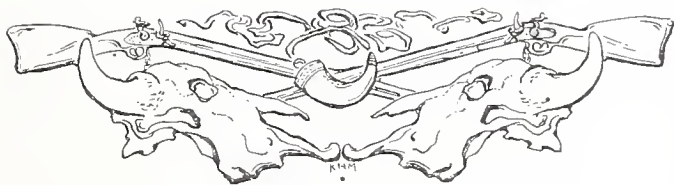
herd of about thirty deer, another unusual occurrence for that time. The young panthers usually followed the mother until almost full grown. They hunted with her, but when two or three years old left to seek mates. Panthers did not have young every year, but only brought forth a fresh litter when abandoned by their almost mature offspring. In "Fur News Magazine" a writer from Perry County describes a battle to the death between male panthers which was witnessed one night by a belated traveler crossing the "Seven Brothers," as the Seven Mountains, the Tussey, Path Valley, Thick Head, Sand, Bald, Shade and Stone ranges, are often called. The traveler watched the combat from behind a big rock, seeing the two fierce brutes tear each other to pieces. The males and females, except mother and young, kept separate except during the mating season. The panther is a silent animal except at this season, and when its young is taken. Its love song was majestic, but its cry of maternal anguish one of the most doleful to be conjured by the imagination. W. H. Schwartz, the brilliant editor of the Altoona Tribune, recently wrote: "Anent the cry of the panther. This writer had many conversations with a gentleman who was born in 1768 and who was one of the pioneers in this vicinity. Many times did he make our young blood run cold by the tales of the panther and its habit of crying through the night like an abandoned child. More than that, the writer, some sixty-two years ago, heard a plaintive cry one night as he spent the night with his grandmother, near



THOMAS GALLAUHER SIMCOX (1843-1914)
Relator of Many Indian Legends Concerning the Panthers of the
Black Forest, in Clinton and Potter Counties.

Canoe Creek, and was assured by her that it was a panther. The cry was repeated several times." Panthers were fond of standing erect when sharpening their claws against the rough bark of the tupelo trees. Franklin Shreckengast relates how two hunters on Baker's Run, in Centre county, in an early day carved away a section of bark from one of these trees and cut on the smooth surface "Dec. 4, 1858, Jake Hall, Abe Gleason, kilt 4 deers heer." The tupelo in question was a favorite nail sharpening resort of the panthers which trailed the aged or wounded deer in that section and shortly afterwards with their heavy claws the huge brutes completely effaced the boastful record of the enterprising Nimrods.

That the panther would resent meddling is attested to by George Huff, born in 1835, of White Deer, Union County, who tells how a man named Jacob Lushbaugh, a hunter in the White Deer Mountains, in trying to rescue a favorite dog from the grip of a panther had one of his hands badly lacerated by the monster's fangs.

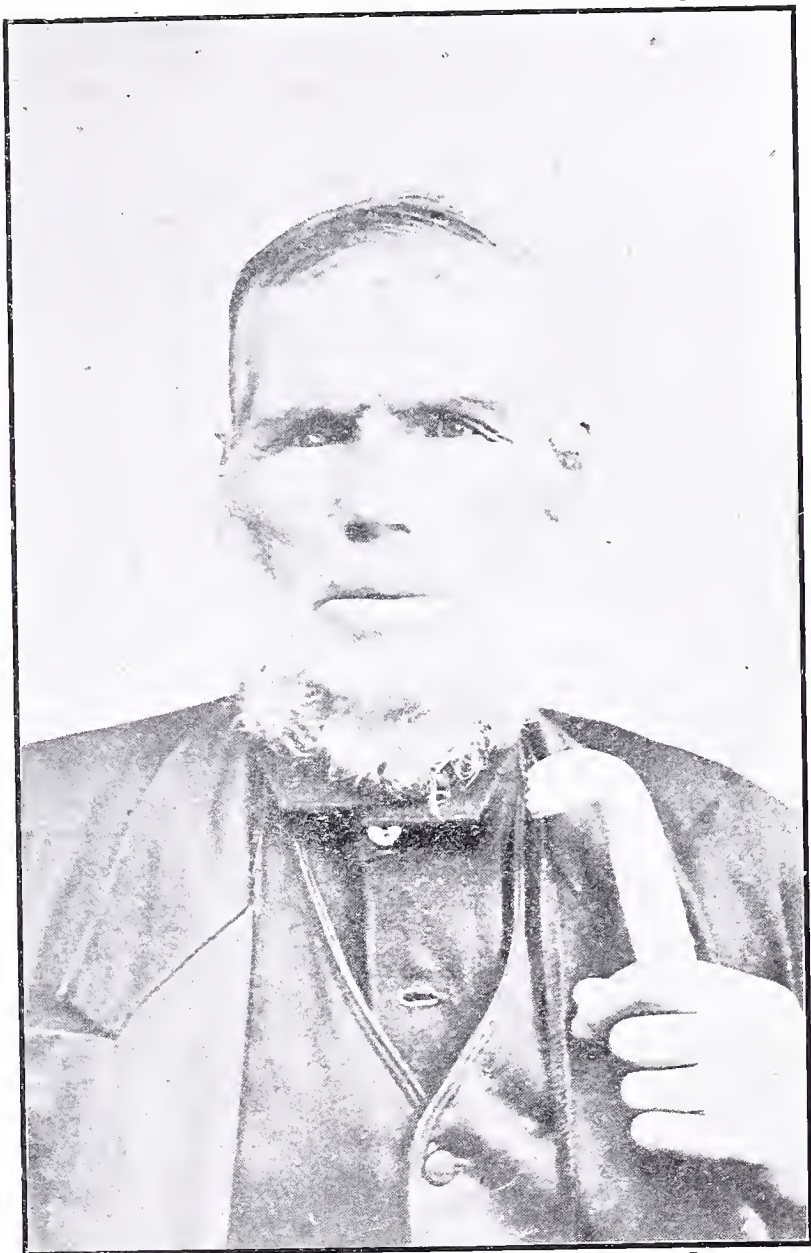


V. EARLY PREVALENCE.

LIONS in British East Africa were never more prevalent than was the panther in Pennsylvania a century or more ago. The woods fairly teemed with them. Yet they made no inroads on the myriads of elk, deer, hares, heath-cocks, wild turkeys, grouse, quails, wild pigeons, rabbits and hares which shared the forest covers with them. The first settlers destroyed all game mercilessly and when it grew scarce blamed its disappearance on the panthers, lynxes, wildcats, wolves and foxes. A warfare was waged against the miscalled predatory beasts; they were exterminated, but game became scarcer than ever. It is now only that people are beginning to wake up to the fact that the panthers were the victims of a cowardly plot to avert the white hunters' culpability. S. N. Rhoads states that in Luzerne county bounties amounting to \$1,822 were paid on the scalps of panthers between 1808 and 1820. More than fifty of these superb animals were killed in one year. J. J. Audubon relates that "Among the mountains of the headwaters of the Juniata river, as we were informed, the cougar is so abundant that one man has killed for some years from two to five, and one very hard winter seven." This was written about 1850. Samuel Askey, of Snow Shoe, Centre county, killed sixty-four panthers between the years of 1820 and 1845. These

were taken in a limited district and all of this great hunter's neighbors were engaged slaying panthers at the same time. During these twenty-five years it is estimated that six hundred panthers were killed in Centre county. Eleven full grown panthers were killed on Medix Run, which flows through Clearfield and Elk counties, during the winter of 1853. At no time, however, was the range of the Pennsylvania lion evenly distributed. While it was teeming in Centre, Clearfield and counties further South, it was a rare visitor in Potter, McKean and Warren counties. C. W. Dickinson, the great hunter of the Black Forest, says: "Panthers were never as prevalent at the headwaters of the Alleghany as on the Susquehanna, the Clarion, or the Juniata. I don't believe that more than ten or twelve were captured in what is now McKean county since the first white man settled there. I believe that panthers, like wild cats, were afraid of the *grey* timber wolves which abounded there. Yet the panther was almost as plentiful in Tioga, Bradford and Susquehanna counties as it was in Centre or Mifflin. Hundreds were slain in Susquehanna county and Blackman's history of that county abounds with instances of its appearance among the early settlers. It was killed by the hundreds in Wyoming and counties directly South. It bred in the inaccessible swamps in Susquehanna county and among the rocky fastnesses at the headwaters of the Lehigh river. It was never plentiful in Clinton county, but was found in great numbers in Lycoming and Sullivan. The lim-

ited range and the limited amount of wild territory in Pennsylvania set an early doom on the native lions. Gradually civilization closed in, and the number of hunters increased yearly. Panther hides were as prevalent on the walls of old-time farm buildings as woodchuck skins are today. Almost every backwoods kitchen had a panther coverlet on the lounge by the stove. Panther tracks could be seen crossing and recrossing all the fields, yet children on their way to school were never molested. In an early day in Centre county hunters who had killed fifty panthers were of no rare occurrence. Among the Jefferson county hunters who killed fifty panthers may be mentioned "Bill" Long, "The King Hunter," who died in May, 1880, in his ninety-first year. Young bloods dared not pay court to a girl unless they could boast of having killed a panther or two. Even preachers and missionaries joined in the chase and some of them held high scores in the awful game of slaughter. Panthers insisted in returning to spots where they had reared their young the season before. The hunters were soon aware of the panther "ledges" or clefts" and robbed them annually. They lay in wait for the old animals, killing them without quarter. A dog which would not trail a panther was held to be of small value. Tame panthers were used to attract their wild relatives out of the forests. Joseph McConnel, a pioneer in Northern Juniata county, killed eleven panthers in seven years in this way. He is said to have covered one entire side of his barn with panther



JAMES DAVID (1805-1892)
Clinton County's Famous Panther Hunter.

hides. He thought so little of them that they rotted where they hung and were blown apart by heavy gales. German buyers secured many panther skins, as there was a steady demand in the "old country" for these hides, like there always has been for walnut. Schroeder & Co., of Lock Haven, sent their last consignment to Germany in 1893. William Perry killed a mature male panther on Yost Run, Centre county, in 1875, which was seen in the trap by S. A. Wadsworth and J. A. Roan, residents of Clinton county, now living. Roan says that the animal's head was covered with old scars, showing where it had been in sanguinary battles with rivals in the past. James Wylie Miller, veteran hunter of Clinton county, but formerly of Cameron county, killed many deer in the old days the flanks of which had been scarred by panthers in their ineffectual efforts to bring them down. On one occasion Miller saw the tracks of nine panthers on a "crossing" on Up Jerry Run, in Cameron county. In Miller's boyhood days, he was born in 1838, the greatest panther hunters in the Sinnemahoning Valley were Joe Berfield, John Jordan, Arch Logue and Henry Mason, who resided a short distance up the East Fork. According to Jonas J. Barnet, born in 1838, of Weikert, Union County, panthers were so prevalent on Penn's Creek in the first decade of the Nineteenth Century that his uncle, Jacob Weikert, was unable to keep pigs for a period of seven years. Mary Hironimus, of Weikert, was followed four miles by a panther; the experience

made her an invalid for nearly a year, as the huge cat treated her as a "Tabby" would a mouse, letting her walk along the path a few feet ahead of him, stopping when she stopped and running when she ran. Mrs. Mary De Long, of Stover's, in Brush Valley, Centre county, in walking along a forest path saw a panther crouched above her on the limb of a large white oak, but the animal suffered her to pass beneath. On another occasion at night, when going for help when her mother was ill, she met a panther by the path. By holding the lantern between herself and the monster she was allowed to go her way, the panther keeping abreast of her just far enough in the shadows to avoid the light, until she reached the neighbor's cabin. The fear of panthers was so firmly implanted in her that her descendants to this day always instinctively look up in the forks of large trees when passing through a forest. Panthers often leaped on roofs of shanties at night, frightening the female occupants considerably. John S. Hoar tells of an instance of this kind in Treaster Valley (Mifflin County) about 1896, and another similar occurrence is recorded in Miss Blackman's "History of Susquehanna County."



VI. THE GREAT SLAUGHTER.

ANIMAL drives, similar to those once held in South Africa, were as plentiful in Central and Southern Pennsylvania as in the "Northern tier." As they occurred in the remote backwoods districts where no written history was kept, accounts of them have well-nigh lapsed into oblivion. One of the greatest drives ever known took place about 1760, in the vicinity of Pomfret Castle, a fort for defense against the Indians, which had been constructed in 1756. "Black Jack" Schwartz was the leader of this drive, which resulted in the death of more than forty panthers. Schwartz, or as he is often called, "The Wild Hunter of the Juniata," must not be confounded with Captain Jack Armstrong, a trader, who was murdered by Indians in Jack's Narrows in 1744. History has confused the two men, but as the wild hunter offered his command of sharpshooters to Gen. Braddock in 1755 there can be no doubt that they were different persons. Panthers and wolves had been troubling the more timid of the settlers, and a grand drive towards the centre of a circle thirty miles in diameter was planned. A plot of ground was cleared into which the animals were driven. In the outer edge of the circle fires were started, guns fired, bells rung, all manner of noises made. The hunters, men and boys, to the number of two hundred, gradually closed

in on the centre. When they reached the point where the killing was to be made, they found it crowded with yelping, growling, bellowing animals. Then the slaughter began, not ending until the last animal had been slain. A group of Buffaloes broke through the guards at an early stage of the killing, and it is estimated that several hundred animals escaped in this way. The recapitulation is as follows, the count having been made by Black Jack himself at the close of the carnage: Forty-one panthers, 109 wolves, 112 foxes, 114 mountain cats, 17 black bears, 1 white bear, 2 elk, 198 deer, 111 buffaloes, 3 fishers, 1 otter, 12 gluttons, 3 beavers and upwards of 500 smaller animals. The percentage of panthers to the entire number killed is an interesting commentary on the early prevalence of these animals. The choicest hides were taken, together with buffalo tongues, and then the heap of carcasses "as tall as the tallest trees," was heaped with rich pine and fired. This created such a stench that the settlers were compelled to vacate their cabins in the vicinity of the fort, three miles away. There is a small mound, which on being dug into is filled with bones, that marks the spot of the slaughter, near the head waters of (West) Mahantango Creek. Black Jack's unpopularity with the Indians was added to when they learned of this animal drive. The red men, who only killed such animals as they actually needed for furs and food, and were real conservationists, resented such a wholesale butchery. The story goes that the wild hunter was ambushed



JOHN VANATTA PHILLIPS,
Who, on Chatham's Run, Clinton County, Hit a Panther With
His Silk Hat and Scared the Brute Away.

by Indians while on a hunting trip and killed. Animal drives did not cease with Black Jack's death, but in some localities they were held annually, until game became practically exterminated. They were held in Northern Pennsylvania, which was settled at a much later date, until about 1830. After the great slaughter of Pomfret Castle, many backwoodsmen appeared in full suits of panther skin. For several years they were known as the "Panther Boys," and in their old days they delighted to recount the "big hunt" to their descendants. Among those said to have taken part in it were Jack Schwartz, Michael Dougherty, Felix Delehanty, Terence McGuire, Patt. Mitcheltree, brother of Hugh Mitcheltree, who was carried off by six Indians in 1756; Abraham Hart, Michael Flinn and Isaac Delaplain. The panther uniforms were abandoned because they became favorite targets for skulking Indians. The savages, infuriated by the arrogance of the white newcomers, spared persons falling into their power occasionally, but gave no quarter to a "Panther Boy." The great slaughter of animals kept alive ill feeling between the two races in the region of the Firestone Mountains, and probably a dozen settlers lost their lives because of it. However, they went on with their animal drives, as the hardy settlers loved to do what the Indians hated. Of all the hunters contributing to the final extermination of the Pennsylvania lion, Aaron Hall, who died at his palatial mansion back of Unionville, Centre county, in 1892, stands well up on the list. Between the years 1845 and 1869

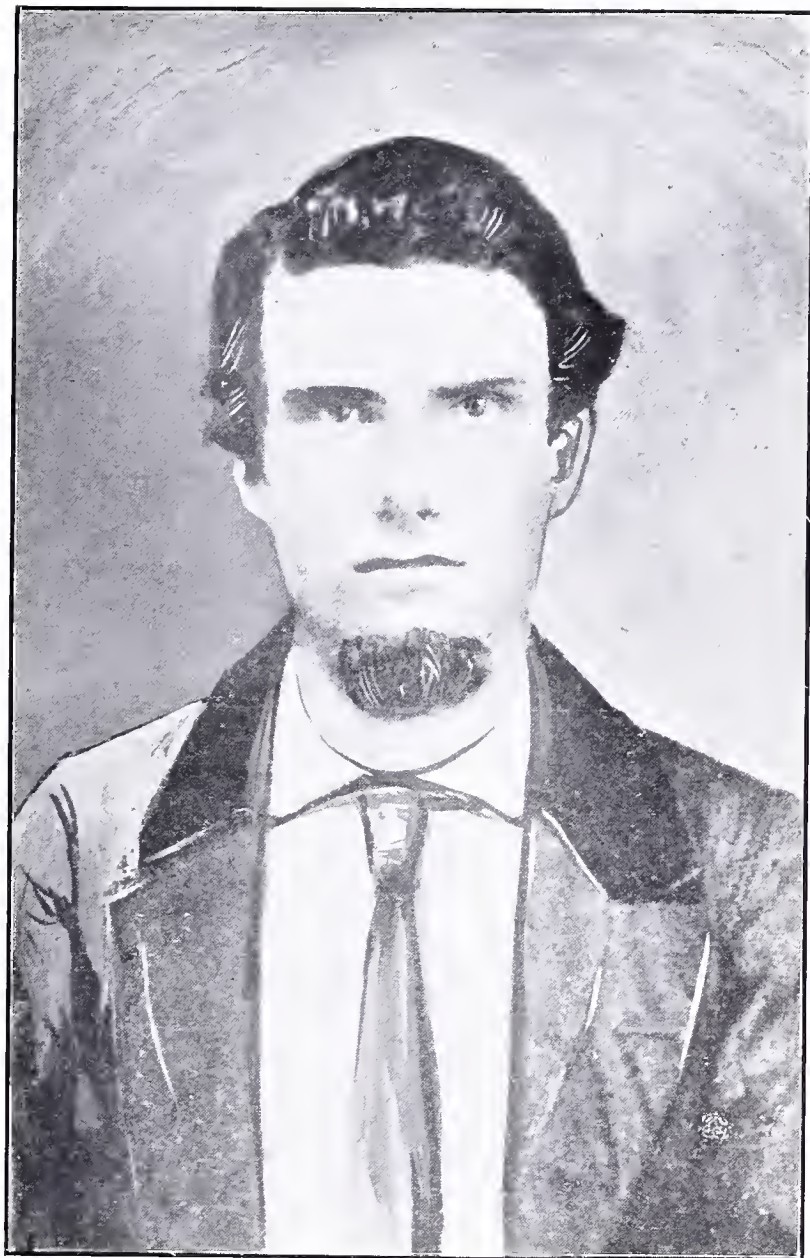
he killed fifty panthers, principally in Centre and Clearfield counties. As he began his career as a hunter on Bell's and Tipton runs, tributaries of the Juniata, he was often called the "Lion Hunter of the Juniata." On one occasion when visited by Hon. C. K. Sober, of Lewisburg, former State Game Commissioner, he had the hides of eleven panthers hanging up at his camp on Rock Run. In 1849 the last animal drive or "Ring Hunt" was held by the Pioneers at Beech Creek, Clinton county. Several panthers, it is said, escaped through the human barrier.



VII. THE BIGGEST PANTHER.

WITH practically no written records it is well nigh impossible to gain a correct idea of the general size of Pennsylvania panthers. As far as it is known there are three mounted panthers in existence, one at State College, one at Albright College and a third at McElhattan. In addition to these the writer possesses four hides of panthers, two killed by Aaron Hall, two by George G. Hastings. The first named mounted specimen, a male, killed by Samuel E. Brush in Susquehanna county in 1856, measures 7 feet 9 inches; the second, also a male, killed by Lewis Dorman in Centre county in 1868, is 8 feet; the third, a female, killed by Thomas Anson in Berks county in 1874, is 6 feet 6 inches from tip to tip. This would give a fair average of the sizes. One of the largest Pennsylvania panthers on record taken in recent years was killed in Clinton county, on Young Woman's Creek, by Sam Snyder, on January 5, 1857. It measured a few hours after it was shot, nine feet two inches. This giant animal had been heard running the deer along the ridges near the creek for several weeks, and several parties had been organized to capture it. It remained for Sam Snyder, a lad of twenty years, with his pack of six trained fices, to run it down. One bright morning he tracked it to a point where it was forced to take refuge on an overhanging

branch of a mammoth white oak. He fired at it, the bullet passing through its left shoulder. The wound served to infuriate the monster, and it leaped from the tree, landing in the centre of the snarling, snapping pack of dogs. Backing up against the butt of a fallen hemlock, with its right paw, which was not disabled, it killed five of the fices before the hunter sent a bullet into its brain. The fice which escaped was a tiny terrier, which was alert enough to keep out of reach of the brute's paw. The huge carcass was transported in an ox-cart to Young Woman's Town, now North Bend, where after it hung for a day in front of a tavern, it was skinned and the hide sold to Matthew Hanna, Jr., a hotel keeper of Young Woman's Town. The carcass was cut up into roasts and steaks, and the entire settlement feasted on it for several days. One dark night, ten years later, Jacob K. Huff, better known as "Faraway Moses," was followed down Young Woman's Creek by a panther. The brute kept along the side of the ridge, howling every few minutes, until it neared the settlement. Evidently the panther had young, and feared that the traveler might molest them. James E. DeKay, in his *Natural History of New York State*, described a panther killed by Joe Wood at Fourth Lake of Fulton Chain, in Herkimer county, New York, which measured eleven feet three inches. The stuffed hide was exhibited for many years at the Utica Museum. The contents of this Museum were removed, it is stated, to Jacksonville, Florida, about 1870. "Adirondack" Murray,



JOHN Q. DYCE (1830-1904)
Who Trailed the Last Panthers in McElhattan Gap,
Clinton County.

writing about 1869, says that the panther of the "North Woods" often measured twelve feet from tip to tip. Simon Pfouts, of Leidy township, Clinton county, caught a record panther in a trap near the mouth of Beaver Dam run which measured eleven feet six inches from tip to tip. This is mentioned in Maynard's "Historical View of Clinton County." Dr. Merriam believes eight feet to be a good average size. This would indicate a close similarity in dimensions between the panthers of the Adirondacks, Pennsylvania and the West. Colonel Roosevelt killed six cougars in Colorado in 1901 which averaged a trifle over eight feet apiece. If anything the Pennsylvania panthers, like the Pennsylvania trees, were larger on the average than those of the Adirondacks. It was the ideal location for them to thrive, for as Prof. J. A. Allen said: "The maximum physical development of the individual is attained where the conditions of environment are most favorable to the life of the species." The panthers which George G. Hastings, of Buffalo Run, Centre county, killed on December 30 and 31, 1871, measured nine feet and eight feet nine inches, respectively. The larger was the female, and Mr. Hastings believed it was the mother of the smaller one. George Shover killed a giant male panther on Little Miller Run, Lycoming county, in January, 1865, which measured eleven feet from tip to tip. For some reason male panthers were much more numerous in Pennsylvania than female. The opposite was the case in the Adirondacks, according to Dr. Merriam. Of

all the instances of panthers noted by the writer of this article, not more than six at most, were females. The information concerning Sam Snyder's record panther was given to the writer by John G. Davis, of McElhattan, who moved to Young Woman's Town with his parents in April of the year in which the beast was killed. He was sixteen years old at the time and remembers the details of the occurrence vividly. Michael Pluff, who died at Hyner, Clinton county, in January, 1914, aged 74 years, also recalled the circumstance. It is recorded at length in Maynard's History of the County. Hon. J. W. Crawford, of North Bend, Pa., published an interesting account of this panther in the "Renovo Record" of February 20, 1914. He says that Snyder went to the front in 1861 and was killed at Fort Sumter. The story is well known in Clinton and adjoining counties and several persons, including Judge Crawford, who saw the panther when it was brought to Young Woman's Town, are still "in the land of the living." The world of sport hails Sam Snyder as a mighty Nimrod! Simon Pfouts, the great hunter, was the first white man to settle on Kettle Creek, Clinton county. At the foot of Spicewood Island he found, on one occasion, three young panthers lying in their nest of leaves underneath the shelter of an old root. He quickly gathered them up in his arms and started home. When he had arrived within one-fourth of a mile of his residence the sound of panther yells fell upon his ears. Then commenced a race for life, and Pfouts fully de-

veloped the strength of his muscles. Nearer and nearer were the screams of the huge monster. Pfouts gained the race by a few feet, and rushing into the house he dropped the young panthers and seizing his rifle shot the panther, which fell dead near his door. On another occasion, in company with Paul Shade, pushing a canoe up the river laden with provisions, when within a mile or two of his home, at a point where the channel of the stream is narrow, suddenly an enormous panther leaped from his concealed position among the rocks at the form of Pfouts, and alighted in the water close to the stern of the canoe, the rapid current carrying it some distance down stream before it reached shore. One day, while out hunting with his well-trained dogs, he killed four panthers, and the following day he killed another. Meshach Browning, in his entertaining work entitled "Forty-four Years a Hunter" (first published in Philadelphia in 1865), thus describes the killing of a record panther in the Maryland Mountains, near the Pennsylvania line:

"Not long after we had settled in our new home, there fell a light snow, when I took my rifle, and, calling a dog which I had brought with me from Wheeling, which was of the stock of old Mr. Caldwell's hunting dogs, I went into the woods after deer. I had not traveled far before I found the tracks of four deer, which had run off; for they had got wind of me, and dashed into a great thicket to hide themselves. I took the trail, and into the thicket I went, where I

soon saw the deer running in different directions. I got between them, in hopes that I should see them trying to come together again. I kept my stand perhaps five or six minutes, when I saw something slipping through the bushes, which I took to be one of the deer; but I soon found that it was coming toward me. I kept a close look out for it; and directly, within ten steps of me, up rose the head and shoulders of the largest panther that I ever saw, either before or since. He kept behind a large log that was near me, and looked over. But though I had never seen a wild one before, I knew the gentleman, and was rather afraid of him. I aimed my rifle at him as well as I could, he looking me full in the face; and when I fired he made a tremendous spring from me, and ran off through the brush and briars, with the dog after him.

“As soon as I recovered a little from my fright I loaded again, and started after them. I followed them as fast as I could, and soon found them at the foot of a large and very high rock; the panther, in his hurry, having sprung down the cleft of rock fifteen or twenty feet; but the dog, being afraid to venture so great a leap, ran around, and the two had met in a thick laurel swamp, where they were fighting the best way they could, each trying to get the advantage of the other. I stood on the top of the rock over them, and fired at the base of the panther’s ear, when down he went; and I ran round the rock, with my tomahawk in hand, believing him to be dead. But when I got near him, I found he was up and fighting again,



DANIEL KARSTETTER AND WIFE.

All Pennsylvania Sportsmen Have Heard of This Mighty Panther Slayer
of the Seven Mountains.

and consequently I had to hurry back for my gun, load it again, creep slyly up, take aim at his ear, as before, and give him another shot, which laid him dead on the ground. My first shot had broken his shoulder; the second pierced his ear, passing downward through his tongue; the last entered one ear, and came out at the other, scattering his brains all around. He measured eleven feet three inches from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. This was the largest panther I ever killed, and I suppose I have killed at least fifty in my time.

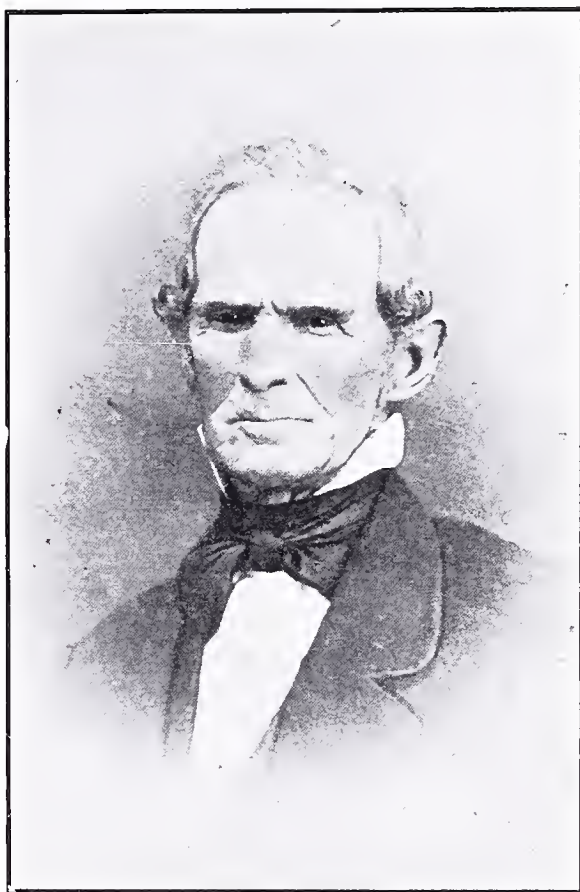
"I took from this fellow sixteen and a half pounds of rendered tallow. It is something softer than mutton tallow, but by mixing it with one-fourth of its weight of beeswax, it makes good candles. I continued hunting the balance of the season, with little success—not killing any bears, although there were great numbers of them in the woods. However, I knew but little of the art of hunting." A panther killed by John Treaster in the Seven Mountains in 1855 measured, body and head 8 feet, tail 3 feet, total eleven feet, almost the record. Dr. Schoepf describes a shrunken hide of a South Carolina panther as "over five foot from the muzzle to beginning of tail, the tail itself somewhat more than three feet long; the back and sides and head fallow, nearly fawn colored, flanks and belly whitish grey; the end of tail verged somewhat on black, but the rest of the tail was of the color of the body."

VIII. DIMINISHING NUMBERS.

WITH the hand of all raised against them, it is small wonder that by 1860 the panther had become a rarity in the Pennsylvania wilds. Three or four were the most killed in any one year from that date on, until the final extermination. After 1860, they bred in but two localities in the Commonwealth—in the Divide Region of Clearfield County, in Mifflin County. In Clearfield County they had the widest range, and increased most satisfactorily. There was an almost impenetrable evergreen forest at the head of Medix Run, which did not first feel the woodman's axe until 1904, and which was a panther's paradise. A few panthers bred there until about 1892. The cries of panthers and the howling of wolves could be heard there for a few years after that. Sam Odin, of Clifford, Susquehanna County, killed the last panther in the northern section in February, 1874. It is described as having been a superb male, red colored and weighing 153 pounds. Its measurements are not given. A female which was with it escaped, and is probably the same one which was killed by Thomas Anson, a coal-burner on the slope of the Pinnacle, in Northern Berks County, in August of that year, according to O. D. Shock, now of the Public Service Commission at Harrisburg. "Forest and Stream" (Vol. III, Page 67) gives the weight of this animal as 146 pounds,

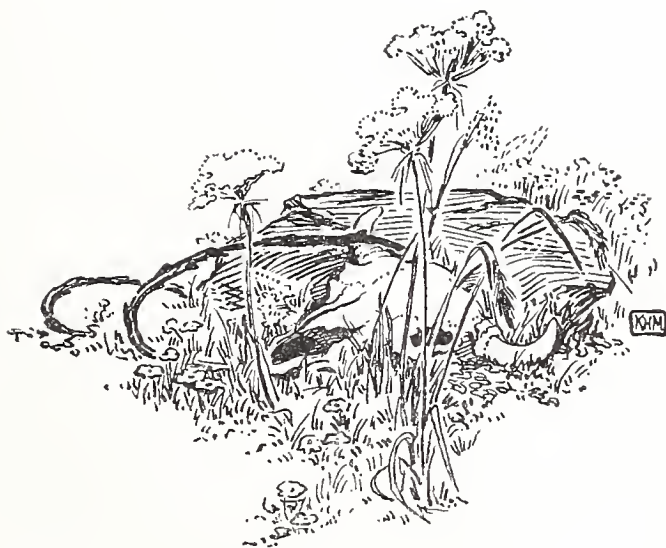
length 6 feet 5½ inches. Measured in the study of the writer of this article, where it now reposes, it is exactly six feet six inches! The old hunters were not all "gross exaggerators," as some would have us think. The story of the killing of this panther is of more than passing interest. The coal-burners lived in a shack on the east face of the Pinnacle, which is the highest point in Berks County. Nearby is the celebrated "Amphitheatre," where the Blue Mountains appear to form a horseshoe about the village of Eckville and its surrounding fields. Travelers have compared it to the "Cirque de Gavarnie" in the Pyrenees. On several nights the coal-burners heard the animal prowling about their premises, much to the terror of their dogs. They supposed it to be a wild cat, as these animals were very plentiful in the neighborhood. One evening Jacob Pflieger, one of the burners, went to a farmhouse to get a pan of butter. It was dusk when he started for the shack, but he was able to observe that he was being followed by a huge cat-like animal. He kept his nerve, and was gratified to find that the monster ceased following him when it reached a large spring. There it began lapping up the water like a cat. He was unarmed, but at the shanty he found one of his companions, Thomas Anson, who owned a rifle. Anson is said to have killed a panther in Wayne County—the last known in that section—in 1867. The two men returned to the spring, finding the panther not far distant. Anson put several bullets into the brute's body, ending its life. To this day the spring has been

known as "The Panther Spring." It is a fine pool of water, and is along the mountain road between Windsor Furnace and Eckville. A sketch was made of the spring by Artist C. H. Shearer in August, 1912. How this panther wandered into Berks County, where none of its kind had been seen in forty years, can only be explained by the fact that the creature was working its way westward in search of a mate. Faires Boyer, a noted hunter, residing at Centreville, Snyder County, killed a panther on Jack's Mountain in November, 1873. It had been probably driven eastward by dogs. Clement F. Herlacher killed two panthers on Mosquito Creek, in Clearfield County, in February, 1880. For many nights they had been annoying the horses at a big camp, the frightened animals prancing and foaming while the panthers prowled outside. Leonard Johnson, of McElhattan, Clinton County, remembers this incident very well. The panthers in Treaster Valley did little damage, and were in a sense protected by the old settlers, who resented "outsiders" hunting or cruising about the valley. Even Dr. Rothrock was warned to be "careful" in passing through the valley alone. Clem Herlacher followed these panthers by their regular "crossing" from Sugar Valley, Clinton County, and discovered their "ledge," in the early summer of 1892. He abstracted four pups, which were about three or four months old. Returning the following year, he found two pups in the same nest, which he also carried away. Many of the old hunters believed that in some mysterious way the Pennsylva-



JESSE HUGHES,
Hero of a Spirited Encounter With a Panther in Antes Gap,
Lycoming County.

nia lion, like the wolf, was an integral part of the original forest. When the old forests were cut, the panthers and wolves of the Keystone State diminished, until the destruction of practically all of the "first growth" timber, they vanished altogether. This may also account for the passing of panthers and wolves from the Adirondack Mountains in New York, which occurred so completely after the lumbermen's devastation.



IX. THE LAST PHASE.

AND now the noble lion of Pennsylvania is reduced to a mere foot-print, a voice, a memory of other days. He is spoken of by persons who have heard rather than seen him. William J. Emert, of Youngdale, Clinton County, whose fish basket was rifled by a wandering panther at his bark camp near Dagusgahonda, Elk County, in 1889, remembers the animal's cries distinctly, and can give an exhibition of unique mimicry. The writer, having heard the cries of the panther in a wild state and in captivity, can vouch for it that the genial Bill actually heard the real thing. Potter County newspapers in 1911 reported that the cries of a panther were heard in the vicinity of Sweden Hill, near Coudersport, in the autumn of that year. The same fall a panther was heard near Bare Meadows, Centre County, some nights roaring from the very summit of Bald Top. When calling for their mates they invariably climbed to the highest peaks. This panther was tracked during a light snow fall clear to Stone Valley. Some say that it was killed there. Franklin Shreckengast, of Tylersville, Clinton County, on commenting on the volume of the panther's cry, said: "If a panther roared on the other side of the Nittany Mountain, all Sugar Valley would be aroused tonight." Shreckengast, who is now in his 78th year, hunted panthers with the Askey boys near

Snow Shoe, Centre County, during the Civil War. James Lebo, of Lucullus, Lycoming County, tracked two panthers across his fields in February, 1909. They were traveling in a northeasterly direction. During the summer of that year panther cries were heard at different points along the Coudersport pike, which runs past the Lebo home. Across the road from this gentleman's residence is the swale where the mangled body of little Edna Cryder was found in 1896. Panther tracks were observed on the Pike by Dr. Rothrock in 1913; in Detwiler Hollow, in the Seven Mountains, in the same year, by several hunters. In November, 1912, three rabbit hunters scared up a panther which was sleeping under the prostrate top of a pine tree, in Detwiler. In November, 1913, several farmers heard panther cries, and one reliable person saw a panther in his barnyard in Logan Valley, near Altoona. Johnstown papers reported a panther as doing much damage to deer and other game on Laurel Ridge, in Somerset County, in the same month. There is probably a panther path leading into Pennsylvania from the Maryland and West Virginia Mountains. This is proved by the killing of a panther in November, 1913, several miles north of Washington, D. C. This wanderer evidently heard or scented the mountain lions at Rocky Creek Park Zoo, lost his bearings, became overconfident and paid the death penalty. The path must lead up the Laurel Ridge to Blue Knob, where it diverges, one line heading north through Centre County to Potter County, the other northeast along the Bald

Eagle Mountain to the Tussey Mountains, thence into the Seven Mountains country. Hon. C. K. Sober says that he feels confident that panthers still come into Pennsylvania by these paths. Panthers had a regular crossing from Nittany Valley to the Summit country at Hoppleton, Clinton County; thence across Sugar Valley, and from there south to Treaster Valley, Mifflin County, where they bred. Emmanuel Harman, as a boy, encountered panthers on this crossing, while A. D. Karstetter, Postmaster at Loganton, can recall panthers crossing Sugar Valley within the past thirty years. The panther which Wilson Rishel heard on the Sugar Valley Mountain, south of Tylersville, Clinton County, in 1870, was heard the day previously at Lamar, and the day before that in the east end of Nittany Valley, according to Dr. Jonathan Moyer. Emmanuel Harman heard the same panther the week before in Gottshall Hollow. David Mark, born in 1835, says that panthers were always a rare animal in Sugar Valley, only passing through there at intervals by their regular paths. The Seven Mountains was the last stand of the native panthers in Pennsylvania. Clement F. Herlacher camped in Treaster Valley in the summers of 1892 and 1893, as has been stated previously, having heard rumors that the pair of panthers which he tracked to the valley were breeding there. As the result he captured four cubs in 1892 and two the following year, but the old ones escaped. He says the old panthers "took on" terribly over the loss of their young. It was probably these unhappy



DR. JONATHAN MOYER,
Clinton County Physician and a Noted Authority on the
Habits of the Pennsylvania Lion.

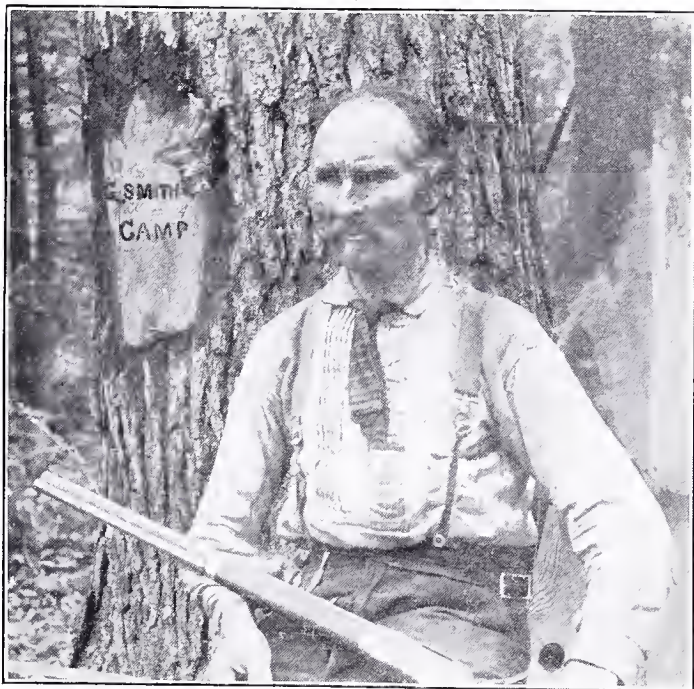
creatures which Dr. J. T. Rothrock, of West Chester, heard during his visit to this valley in 1893. His description of the panther's cry, which we give in chapter XI, is to natural history what Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech is to oratory; it surely is the pearl without price. Although the good doctor is now in his 78th year, his mastery of diction is unimpaired. One can feel the clear, cold night, with the effulgent moon above all, and see the ragged outline of the Seven Mountains silhouetted against the cloudless heavens; one can feel the oppressive stillness uninterrupted by the stirring of a single twig until the panther's song begins. And that song, that terrible song, so filled with anguish, a banshee-like song, lamenting the passing of the wilderness, of the brute's supremacy, the loss of cover, of young, of hope, of life itself threatened. It was both a requiem and a swan-song! Several persons claim to have seen panthers in their old haunts on Rock Run, Centre County, during the past five years. A seven foot panther was reported killed during "deer season," 1915, near Paddy Mountain, Union County, but the report was later denied. Many persons claim to have heard and seen a panther on the Coudersport Pike, near Haneyville, Clinton County, in 1913, 1914 and 1915. Residents of Treaster Valley report having seen panther tracks near the Panther Rocks, in that valley, in 1913 and 1914. Andy Wilson, guide and former game warden, now of Clinton County, saw a panther which approached his camp fire in the Seven Mountains in 1885. Hon. Frank B. Black,

former State Commissioner of Agriculture, and now State Highway Commissioner, was followed by a panther in Somerset County about the same year. In about 1880, Hon. M. B. Rich, present member of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Clinton County, was followed by a panther on Little Pine Creek, Lycoming County, for a distance of seven miles. H. Hollister, in his "History of the Lackawanna Valley," tells of being followed eight miles by a panther in 1837, in Wayne County. Hollister was in a buggy at the time, but the "Big Cat" could lope as fast as the horse could gallop. C. E. "Doc" Smith, a veteran Clinton County sportsman and naturalist, saw panther tracks as big as a human hand on Fish Dam Run, in the late seventies, when on a hunting trip with Enoch Hastings. Davie Shaffer, who worked in a lumber camp at the "Switches," in Clinton County, near the panther's crossing, heard a panther prowling around the shack one winter night in 1880. Being alone, he built a big fire in front of the cabin, sitting by it until daylight. Charles H. Dyce, a successful lumber jobber, saw a panther on the old Clay Pike which severely frightened his horse Dewey, while returning to his home at Ebensburg from his camp at Belsano, Cambria county, on the evening of February 14, 1903. Early in 1914 the carcass of an aged deer was found in the Seven Mountains near Woodward that showed signs of having been killed and partly eaten by a panther.

X. RE-INTRODUCTION: SPORTING POSSIBILITIES.

A S man becomes more educated, he will shrink more and more each year from taking the lives of tender, shrinking creatures like squirrels, rabbits and quails. Many will hesitate from destroying gentle-eyed deer or the majestic elk. He will demand a quarry worthy of his status as a man, worthy of his high-powered rifle. His mind will turn to larger and more savage beasts, such as the red and black bear and the panther. He will ask the re-introduction of panthers and the adequate protection of bears. The bear has its drawbacks on account of its hibernating habits, its general lack of fighting qualities. He will select the panther as his ideal of the big game animal. The forest areas of Pennsylvania could be stocked with these beasts and a five-year closed season put on them to allow them to multiply. During this time these subtle brutes would be well able to care for themselves. They would feed on old and decrepid deer and elk, sickly fawns, diseased hares and turkeys and in the summer months on myriads of bugs, grubs, ants and worms, and on roots and berries. Once the closed season expired, sport royal would begin. There could be an extra license charged for panther hunting, as the territory and number of beasts being limited, it would not be wise to have the forests overcrowded with hunt-

ers. Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in his intensely interesting account of the animals of the Adirondack region, describes panther hunting as it was in the North Woods thirty years ago. He says: "The hunter commonly follows the panther for many days, and sometimes for weeks, before overtaking him, and could never get him were it not for the fact that he remains near the spot where he kills a deer till it is eaten. When the hunter has followed a panther for days, and has, perhaps, nearly come up with him, a heavy snowstorm often sets in and obliterates all signs of the track. He is then obliged to make wide detours to ascertain in which direction the animal has gone. On these long and tiresome snowshoe tramps he is, of course, obliged to sleep, without shelter, wherever night overtakes him. The heavy walking makes it impossible for him to carry many days' rations, and when his provision gives out he must strike for some camp or settlement for a new supply. This, of course, consumes valuable time and enables the panther to get still further away. When the beast is finally killed the event is celebrated by a feast, for panther meat is not only palatable, but is really fine eating." What grand, exhilarating, ennobling sport it must have been! As practiced in the Adirondacks, so it was carried on in Pennsylvania in the old days. It is related that Lewis Dorman, a Centre county hunter, followed a panther for nearly two months before he brought it to bay. Dorman, who was a mighty hunter, died on November 28, 1905, and is buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, near Woodward, in



GEORGE SMITH (1827-1901)

A Successful Elk County Panther and Wolf Hunter.

John Penn's Valley. Henry Dorman, of Weikert, Union County, had occasion to carry a strip of bacon to a lumber camp on Cherry Run. It was at dusk, and a panther scenting the bacon, followed him the entire distance, occasionally howling mournfully. Packs of panther dogs would soon spring up in the mountainous settlements, and the breeding of these animals would give an impetus to the canine industry in these regions. Small bull dogs are said to be best for this purpose, though many prefer the ordinary whiffet or "fice." Aaron Hall, the "Lion Hunter of the Juniata," slayer of fifty panthers in Pennsylvania between 1845 and 1869, bred a race of panther dogs. They were part bull dog, part bloodhound, part Newfoundland, and part mastiff. They were so large that C. K. Sober, of Lewisburg, former State Game Commissioner, when on a visit to Hall at his hunting cabin on Rock Run, Centre County, was able to ride on the back of one of them. They were trained to hunt in pairs, and when the quarry was overtaken, to seize it by the ears on either side, holding the monster until the hunter appeared. With Hall's death, in 1892, this interesting breed of dog was allowed to become extinct. Old hunters declare there is nothing in the eating line that can equal a panther roast. It is said to taste like pork, only far more luscious in flavor. The meat is white like chicken, but of more substance. The hams are said to be superior to those of the hog. The panther hides are valuable as rugs, bed-covers and lap robes. The Seneca Indians made

the skin into pouches, in which they stored their "great medicine." The claws were used as amulets to signify the Indians' victory over the forces of evil, panthers being supposed to have kinship to the Machtando or Evil One. Panther oil was an efficacious remedy for gall-stones and rheumatism. Hundreds of hunters—among them Colonel Roosevelt—have been attracted to Routt County, Colorado, by the panther hunting, where these animals are trailed with dogs. Robert J. Collier, a New York society man, headed a party of wealthy hunters into this region in November, 1913, to hunt "Mountain Lions." Colonel C. J. Jones has provided similar sport for distinguished visitors at his ranch in Arizona, the pastime there being to rope the "varmints." Pennsylvania can have all this and more, if she will but set about to re-establish the superb sport. In British East Africa, according to A. Barton Hepburn, of New York City, lions have been placed on the protected list, the limit being four lions per hunter a season. Why cannot Pennsylvania follow this excellent example and protect the Pennsylvania lion? It is said that an old hunter named Noah Hallman, who spent his last days near the Blue Mountain Amphitheatre in Northern Berks county, possessed several trained panthers which he used to entice their wild brethren out of the hiding places at the head waters of the Lehigh River. Then the old Nimrod, who was evidently an early prototype of Colonel Jones, would lasso the panthers and drag them back to his camp in triumph.

XI. SUPERSTITIONS.

THERE has been a marked tendency with the latest generation of naturalists to belittle the entire race of *felis couguar*. Dr. Merriam, great man that he is, commenced it, and Colonel Roosevelt, by his article in "Scribner's Magazine" in 1901, fired the final gun. W. H. Hudson is the only naturalist who has spoken well of the species. It is the "style" to call the panther a coward, like has been done with the African lion. Why? Because he will not attack men. The African lion is said to charge when wounded, but the panther takes his medicine and dies like a gentleman. Dr. Merriam was the first to give popularity to the statement that there is no such thing as a panther cry, that it is all indigestion, imagination, superstition on the part of the hunters, though in a letter to the author, dated March 24, 1914, this famous naturalist states that he referred solely to the panther of the Adirondacks. It may be possible that the Adirondack panther was a silent animal, but his relative in Pennsylvania was just the contrary. If, after the testimony of fifty hunters and old-timers whom the writer of this article has questioned on the subject are doubted, the following letter from Dr. J. T. Rothrock, founder of the Forestry Commission of Pennsylvania, and a scientist of world-wide reputation, should set the matter at rest for all time:

“WEST CHESTER, PA., JAN. 5, 1914.

DEAR MR. SHOEMAKER:

I have your very kind letter of January 2d. That panther cry—I have often asked myself how I could describe it and failed to satisfy the inquiry, though I think I have at this very minute a somewhat clear remembrance of it. It would not be an adequate reply if I said it sounded like the wail of a child seeking something, a cry, distinct, half inquiry and half in temper. There was something human in it, though unmistakably wild, clear and piercing. And yet I do not know how to make a more satisfactory reply, except to say that the cry seemed to be in all its tones about a minute long. I heard it one evening in Treaster Valley repeated so often that I could recognize it as coming from an animal moving along the rocky slope of the mountain where no child could have been at that hour, and was told by those residents in the region, ‘Oh, it’s the *painter’s* cry.’ It did not seem to be unusual to them. That was about twenty years ago.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) J. T. ROTHROCK.”

Joseph H. Taylor, an able western writer on sporting topics, accurately describes the panther’s cry which he heard during a flood at Lake Mandan, North Dakota, in March, 1880.



E. H. DICKINSON (1810-1885)
A Pioneer Panther and Wolf Hunter of McKean County.

C. W. Dickinson says: "A great many writers claim that a panther does not scream or make any noise. They might as well try to make me believe that a pack of wolves could not howl or bark, growl or whine." Dickinson heard the panther cry at the head of the Driftwood branch of the Sinnemahoning when camping with his father, E. H. Dickinson, in the summer of 1872. He says it was "a loud, shrill, scream." He saw the last panther tracks on the Driftwood branch in January of the same year, while on a hunting trip with his father. But there are real superstitions of the painter—as most of the early settlers called it. It was said to have a very definite spirit, which came back and haunted familiar scenes after it had met with an unnatural death. A hunter in Centreville, Snyder county, in 1864, killed a large male panther, stuffed it and mounted it on the ridge-pole of his wood-house. One night the mate came after it, and springing on the roof, pushed the effigy into the yard. She carried it back to Jack's Mountain, where many persons averred it came to life again. In the White Mountains, not far from Troxelville, Snyder county, a panther was killed and its hide put into an attic to cure. Strange noises were heard, and the skin mounted on a carpenter's trestle was met with in the woods at night. A witch doctor hit the horrid manikin with a silver bullet, after which it gave no further trouble. Among the superstitious the Dorman panther was said to leave its case in the Natural History Museum on the top floor of the old Academy

building at New Berlin on All Souls' Night and scamper about the big room after mice. It is now out of ghostly surroundings in the handsome new museum at Albright College, Myerstown, Lebanon County, having been taken there about 1905. Seneca Indians believed that the spirits of tyrants and unfaithful queens passed into panthers. They were hunted specifically for this and other before-mentioned reasons, having as little peace in animal form as in their human incarnations. Early German pioneers said that the panther's hide glowed like "fox-fire at night and green lights burned from the eyes." It was held to be good luck to be followed by a panther. It meant that outside forces were seeking the evil in the person followed, that it would soon be drawn away. Prof. E. Emmons, of Williams College, says in his Report on the Quadrupeds of Massachusetts: "The panther will not venture to attack man, yet it will follow his tracks a great distance; if it is near evening it frequently utters a scream which can be heard for miles." Some of the first Scotch-Irish frontiersmen regarded the panther's wailing as foretelling a death in the family. It was the "token" or "Banshee" of these sturdy souls. Samuel Stradley, a well-known hunter residing on the Tiadaghton or Pine Creek, in Lycoming County, while watching for deer at a crossing in 1870, fell asleep in the forest. When he awoke he found himself covered with leaves. Crawling out he sat perfectly still until he was rewarded by seeing a huge panther come up, which he shot. It had evi-

dently thought him dead, and buried him in leaves to be eaten on some future occasion. Michael Fetzer, born 1834, an old hunter residing near Yarnell, Centre County, recounts that when he was a boy a panther once came to the kitchen window of the Reese homestead and looked in at the family assembled around the supper table. He was soon chased away by the dogs and disappeared in the forest at the foot of Indian Grave Hill. Franklin Shreckengast describes panthers concealed in the forest grinding their teeth and snarling while Tom Askey and he cleaned a deer at a big spring near Snow Shoe. He said that it was a disconcerting sound, to say the least. This occurred during the Civil War early one evening. The last panther in the Snow Shoe region of Centre county—the great abode of these beasts in early days—was killed on Rock Run in 1886, by Charles Stewart, of Kylertown, Clearfield county, who collected a bounty on its scalp at Bellefonte.



XII. TENTATIVE LIST OF PANTHERS KILLED IN PENNSYLVANIA SINCE 1860.

County.	Date.	Hunter.
Northumberland.	1860	John D. DeShay.
x Clinton.	1860	Philip Shreckengast.
Somerset.	1860	
Clinton.	(1 Cub) 1860	
Northumberland.	1861	
Bradford.	1860	Post Wilcox.
a Centre.	1861	Tom Askey.
Warren.	1860	Jesse Logan.
Snyder.	March, 1864	Jake Sampsel.
Snyder.	1862	Faires Boyer.
Snyder.	1862	Faires Boyer.
Warren.	December, 1863	Sylvester C. Williams.
Clinton.	December, 1863	John English.
Clinton.	December, 1863	John English.
Elk.	1863	George Smith.
x Wayne.	1867	Thomas Anson.
Centre.	December 24, 1868	Lewis Dorman.
Centre.	1875	William Perry.
Snyder.	1869	Dan Treaster.
Mifflin.	February 27, 1872	John Swartzell.
Lycoming.	January, 1865	George Shover.
Clearfield.	1870	Seth Iredell Nelson.
Clearfield.	1871	Seth Iredell Nelson.
Clearfield.	1872	Seth Iredell Nelson.
Jefferson.	1872	Andy Jackson Long.
Clearfield.	1873	Seth Iredell Nelson.
Blair.	1873	Solomon Boos.
Centre.	December 30, 1871	George G. Hastings.
Centre.	December 31, 1871	George G. Hastings.
Snyder.	November 21, 1873	Faires Boyer.
Berks.	August 4, 1874	Thomas Anson.
x McKean.	January 1, 1860	J. Eastman.
x Susquehanna.	December 15, 1874	Sam Odin.
x Cambria.	1875	Jacob Kauffman.
Susquehanna.	1867	Sam Odin.



"BILL" LONG,

Born in Berks County, 1790, Died in Clearfield County, 1880.

"The King Hunter" of the Pennsylvania Big Game Fields.

County.	Date.	Hunter.
x Sullivan.....	1873	Ben Landis.
Lycoming.....	1870	S. S. Stradley.
Clearfield.....	1880	Clement F. Herlacher.
Clearfield.....	1880	Clement F. Herlacher.
Mifflin.....	1875	John Treaster.
Mifflin.....	1876	Lewis Orr.
Mifflin.....	1869	John Reager and William Dellett.
Mifflin.....	January 1, 1882	John Swartzell.
Centre.....	1860	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	(3) 1861	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	(2) 1862	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	(2) 1863	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	(2) 1864	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	(5) 1865	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	(3) 1866	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	(3) 1868	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	(5) 1869	Aaron Hall.
Centre.....	1885	John Lucas.
Centre.....	1886	Charles Stewart.
Clearfield.....	1888	Seth Iredell Nelson.
Clearfield.....	1888	Seth Iredell Nelson.
Clearfield.....	1891	Seth Iredell Nelson.
Clearfield.....	1891	Seth Iredell Nelson.
Centre.....	1893	James Moore.
Mifflin.....	(4 Cubs) 1892	Clement F. Herlacher.
Mifflin.....	(2 Cubs) 1893	Clement F. Herlacher.
x Clearfield.....	1904	
Clearfield.....	1905	
* Clinton.....	February, 1905	
x Huntingdon.....	January, 1911	James Wilson and Joseph Emig.
x Mifflin.....	1 cub, Oct., 1916	J. L. Goss.
x Mifflin.....	December 6, 1916	Jacob Auman.
Total		88

a—Name of hunter unconfirmed.

x—Unconfirmed.

*—Doubtful newspaper report.

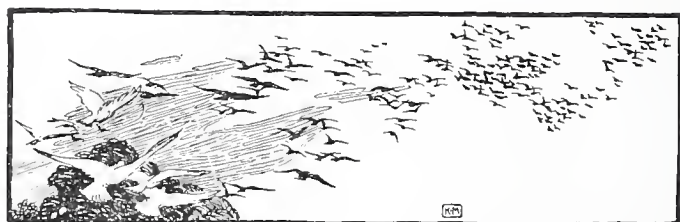
Note—Cameron, Clarion, Potter, Tioga, etc., probable panther counties, not heard from.

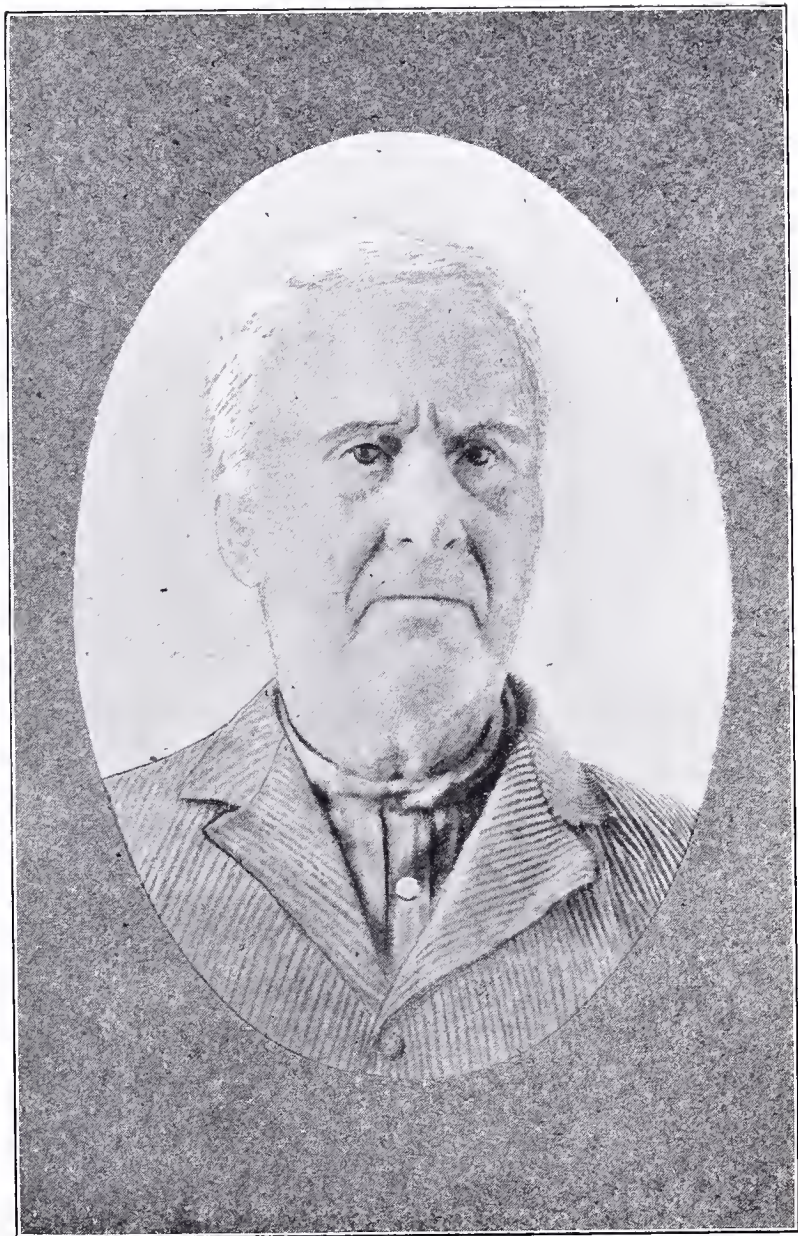
XIII. ODE TO A STUFFED PANTHER.

(These lines were written upon seeing the effigy of the Dorman panther in the Natural History Museum of Albright College, Myerstown, Lebanon County, on November 6, 1912.)

At twilight when the shadows flit,
Within the ancient museum I sit,
Gazing through the dust-encrusted glass.
(While hosts of savage memories pass)
At your effigy, ludicrously stuffed.
The fulvous color faded, the paws all puffed,
And bullet-holes in jowl and side
Tell where your life blood ebbed like some red tide;
A streak of light—the last of day—
Gleams through a window on your muzzle gray,
And lights your glassy eyes with garnet fire.
You almost stir those orbs in fretful ire
Which gape into the sunset's dying flame
Towards the wild mountains whence you came;
Revives old images which dormant lie—
Outside the wind is raising to a sigh
Like oft you voiced in the primeval wood.
In your life's pilgrimage, I'd trace it if I could
In white pine forests, tops trembling in the breeze
Like restless sable-colored seas,
Beneath, in rhododendron thickets high,
You crouched until your prey came by.
Grouse, or sickly fawn, or, even fisher-fox
You rent, and then slunk back into the rocks,
And on cold wintry nights, lit by the cloud-swept moon
Your wailing to the music of the spheres atune,

Rose to a roar which echoed over all,
Beside which wolves' lamenting to a treble fall;
And through the snows your mate so slim draws nigh
Noiselessly, with strange love-light in her eye
You lick her coat, and stroke her with your tail,
Whispering a love-song weirdsome as the gale,
You leave her with a last long fond caress
Adown the glen you go in stealthiness,
. . . A loud report! another! how you leap;
With a resounding thud into the snow you fall asleep.
Your blood-stained hide the hunter bears away,
The virile emblem of an ampler day.
The golden eagle picks your carcass dry,
Wild morning glories trellice on your ribs awry.
Your meaning is a deep one—while your kind live men
shall rule.
There will be less of weakling, runt or fool,
No enervation will our rugged courage sap.
We will not dawdle on plump luxury's lap,
But as your race declines, so dwindles man.
The painted cheek replaces coat of tan,
And marble halls, and beds of cloth of gold
Succeed the log-cabins of the days of old;
When the last panther falls then woe betide,
Nature's retributive cataclysm is at our side,
Our boasted civilization then will be no more,
Fresh forms must come from out the Celestial Store.





LEWIS DORMAN,
The Famous Panther Slayer of Shreiner Mountain, Centre County.

Wolf Days In Pennsylvania

(REVISED EDITION)

Où allez-vous, louves et loureteaux ?

Nous allons dans ces plaines et dans ces vallons.

Qu'y allez-vous faire ?

Nous allons chercher les brebis egarees pour leur sucer le sang et manger leur chair.

Je vous defends, au nom du grand Dieu vivant, de faire plus de mal a ces betes egarees que la sainte Vierge ne'en a fait a son enfant. Saint Brive aveugle les loups; saint Jehan leur casse les dents et saint Georges leur serre la gueule.

—Ardennes Tradition.

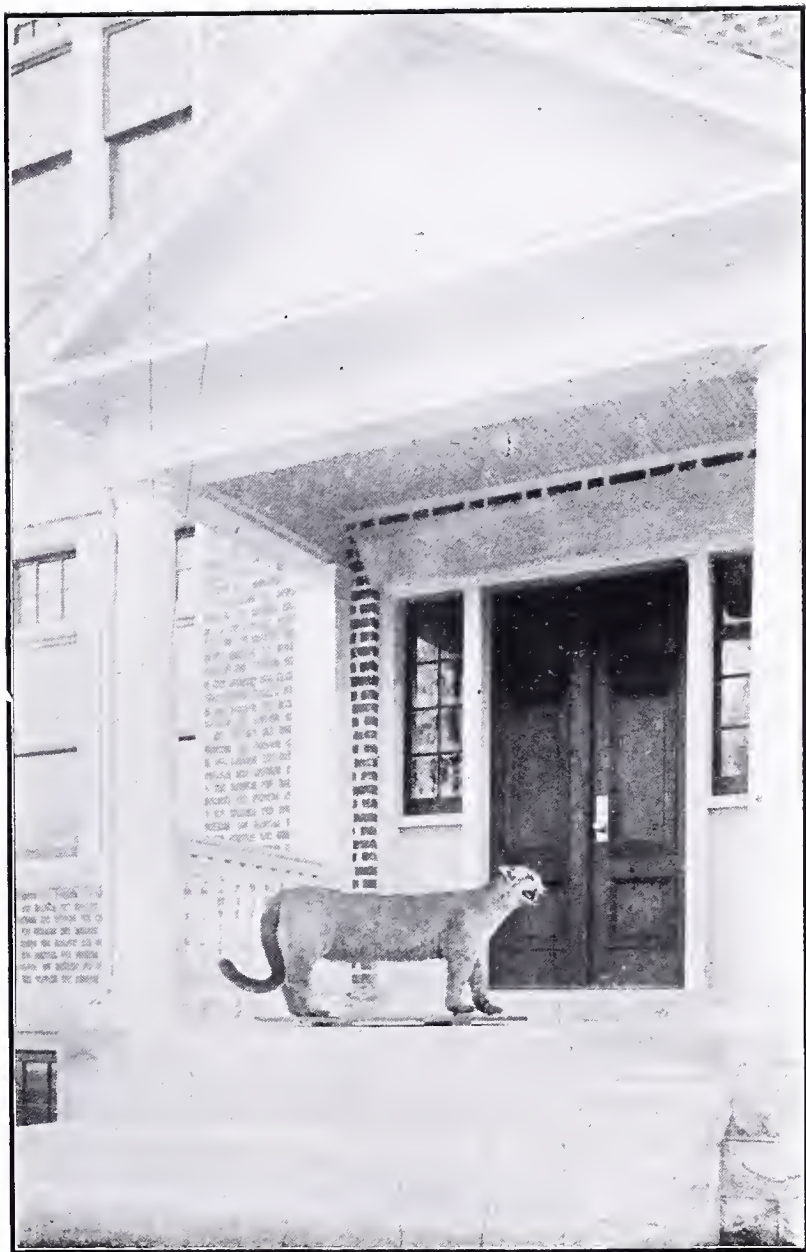




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Panther Killed by Lewis Dorman on Shreiner Mountain,
Christmas Eve, 1868.

I. PREFACE.

THAT a new book treating on the much-discussed wolf can be written at all the animal must be described from an entirely different point of view, else it would be superfluous. Happily the author feels that there is a side, an important one, to the wolfish character, which has been overlooked or perverted. It is a side decidedly favorable to the animal, to its inherent right to live, to be protected by mankind. The wolf of Pennsylvania accomplished much more good than harm. At the time when the Indians ranged the Continent and Nature's balance was perfect, the wolf played an important role. With the panther it preyed upon the weak and sickly wild animals and birds, preventing the perpetuation of imperfect types and the spread of pestilences. It kept up a high standard of excellence among the lesser creatures, was the great preserver of type and perfection. Wolves having no animals to prey on them killed the sick and weakly specimens of their own race, thereby keeping up the standard of strength and virility. Charles John Andersson, in his remarkable book, "The Lion and the Elephant," in speaking of the lions of Central Africa said: "Destroy them and the hoofed animals would perish in masses of inanition." In addition wolves devoured bugs, insects, grubs and worms of an injurious nature. When the white man appeared on the scene and began killing all living things

indiscriminately, the food supply of the wolves was affected. The wolfish diet required meat, and this at times became unobtainable. Crazy with hunger the wolves attacked calves, pigs and sheep, which slow of motion and easily captured, occupied the same relative position to them as had the formerly abundant weak and imperfect deer, elk, rabbits and hares. Just as some otherwise harmless men commit murder when crazy by lack of food, the wolves played havoc in farm yards that otherwise they would have left unmolested. But most of the sheep killed by "wolves" were slain by half-wild, vicious dogs. There are fewer sheep in Pennsylvania today than when there were wolves. What is needed is an efficient dog law. As the result, bounties were put on the wolves, they were hunted unmercifully. Now comes the hue and cry that "bears are killing sheep." Again the dogs are the real and only culprits. Wolves were also useful forest scavengers, cleaning up the neighborhoods of camps and hunters' shambles. E. H. Forbush, the famous State Ornithologist of Massachusetts, has said: "When I first found wolves feeding on berries I was surprised. It is probable that no land mammal is strictly carnivorous." No person stopped to reason if the wolf had a useful purpose in the world—man deliberately acted as if the Wise Maker had erred in creating such animals. All living things have a *purpose*; it would be a loss to the world if even the common house flies were completely exterminated. It is an over-production of any one species of things that

carries the germ of trouble. Consequently the panther and the wolf were regulated in numbers ; by the supply of aged and weakly elk and deer ; the Indian, sworn foe of the panther, helped to keep the "Pennsylvania Lion" within bounds—but there was no warfare of extermination until the white man came. Most of the early hunters came of peasant stock, unused to carrying firearms in the old country, and with deeply rooted feelings against private parks which preserved game. Once loosed in a new continent, given arms and freedom, they set out to slaughter everything in sight. They wanted excuses for wholesale killing ; the wolves' alleged thefts of calves, pigs and sheep gave it to them. If they had killed less of the wolves' food supply no farm stock would have been taken. When the last wolf was gone it was found that just as many sheep were killed, revealing the dogs as the real miscreants. Wolves were blamed for "running" deer ; the wolves are gone, but deer are being run to death daily by dogs in the Pennsylvania mountains. In Africa the same horrible story is being re-enacted. The zebras break down wire fences, they must go ; the rhinoceroses frighten the oxen, they must go ; the *hippos* are dangerous to navigation, they must go ; the elephants trample the grain fields, they must go ; the giraffes knock down the telegraph wires, they must go ; the lions are bloodthirsty, they must go, and so on, every animal is marked for extermination by the rapacious settlers. And only too often the powers that be sitting in London, Paris or Berlin acquiesce

unwittingly to the slaughter and "abrogate the game law." The early settlers of America were unhampered by game laws, their blood lust knew no bounds. The wolves were starved into criminal acts, and then punished for them. Now after the wolves are gone a more discriminating generation looks over the scene dispassionately and notes that nothing has been gained by their extirpation. In Scotland when wolves and other predatory creatures abounded no one ever heard of "grouse" disease or "rabbit" disease; the ibex and chamois in Switzerland deteriorated after the wolves disappeared. The ibex exists in Italy where there are wolves, and as long as there are wolves there will be ibexes. In Africa buffaloes and certain antelopes diminish as the lions are killed off. The rinderpest rages in regions where there are no longer any lions, leopards or cheetahs. In Pennsylvania the harm done by the destruction of wolves has been appalling. First of all the increase in insect pests. These were practically unknown when panthers, wolves lynxes and foxes were prevalent. Secondly, the race of deer has deteriorated, the larger variety *Odocoileus Americanus Borcalis* Miller is completely extinct. The race of deer is only kept up by frequent introduction of specimens from Western States *where there are wolves*. The grouse are getting scarcer, despite "man-made" game laws; disease ravages them every few seasons. The big hares are nearly gone, rabbits not what they were, the quail are frail; sickly specimens breed now; formerly the "predatory creatures" prevented that.



GRAVE OF LEVIS DORMAN.
St. Paul's Churchyard, Near Woodward, Centre County.

II. THE LAST WOLF—WHO GETS THE CREDIT?

FROM the mass of data and the number of claimants it is indeed difficult to award the palm for the slayer of the last wolf in Pennsylvania. In the first place, in order to eliminate a few of the strivers for the coveted title, slayers of wolves which have wandered in from other states must be counted out. This will rule out the celebrated "Beaver Dam Wolf" which was killed in Portage Township, near the borders of Blair and Cambria Counties, by Jacob Royer and Samuel Long, farmers of Turkey Valley, in May, 1907. This animal, which weighed, according to a correspondent in the Altoona Tribune, nearly eighty-five pounds and measured almost six feet from tip to tip, was evidently a stray. Its carcass was purchased by Mr. W. E. C. Todd, Assistant Curator of Mammals of the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg. This will also rule out a huge grey wolf killed by that veteran hunter, "Old John" Queer, in Somerset County, in 1897; four wolves, evidently escaped from some traveling circus, slain in Lackawanna County in 1896; a New York State wolf, also probably escaped from some zoo, killed by Daniel Rutan in Wayne County in 1887, and a wolf killed by Levi Kissinger in Tioga County in 1885. With these doubtful cases out of the way, the field is clear for an impartial judgment. Seth

Iredell Nelson killed two wolves in Clearfield County in February and March, 1892; they were native brown wolves and the last remnant of the big packs which for years infested the Divide Region. Mr. Nelson was in his 83rd year at that time, hence he can be called the oldest wolf slayer that Pennsylvania has produced. Capt. A. A. Clay, of Ridgway, Elk County, hunting crony of Col. Roosevelt and an all around sportsman, states that a native wolf was killed in Elk County in 1891. No name is given as to who killed this animal in Rhoads' "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey." It is said that another wolf was killed by a deer hunter in Elk County in 1887. John Razey, a respected citizen of Sunderlinville, killed a wolf in Potter County in 1890, and received a bounty from the County Commissioners. On September 6th of the same year Fremont Gage, of Sweden Valley, killed another wolf in Potter County. The year 1886 was prolific in kills of native wolves. Dan Treaster, "the Daniel Boone of the Seven Mountains," killed a magnificent black wolf in Treaster Valley, formerly Black Wolf Valley, Mifflin County, and George Sizer killed a grey wolf on Potato Creek, in McKean County. Dan Long killed the last wolf in the Blue Mountains in 1886* in Shubert's Gap, as the bounty records of Berks County for that year will show. In 1888 Charles Ives and Theodore Pierce, two boys, killed a lame grey wolf on Kinzua Creek, McKean County. It had escaped from one of C. W. Dickinson's traps a few seasons before. In 1885 Dan Treaster killed two

black wolves in Treaster Valley. In 1884, Emmanuel Dobson killed the last wolf in Forest County. In that year Seth Iredell Nelson killed five brown wolves in Clearfield County. Andy Long killed the last two wolves in Jefferson County in 1881. Jake Hamersley, of North Point, killed the last wolf in Clinton County about 1877. In February, 1913, there was a "wolf scare" in Horse Valley, not far from Chambersburg, which resulted in the killing of two peculiar looking dogs, which had evidently adapted themselves to forest life and running deer. The hide of the male hangs in the study of the writer of this article. It is a pasty grey in color. The hide of the bitch, which is now in the possession of M. W. Straley, Chambersburg, is said to be darker. A wolf was reported as seen at Mackeyville, Clinton County, in "deer season," 1914. An escaped coyote killed by A. B. Winchester in Clinton County in December, 1915; another shot by Amos Saxton in the same county in November, 1916, gave rise to many sensational "wolf" stories which went the rounds of the newspapers. Judge Harvey W. Whitehead, of Williamsport, reported that two wolves or coyotes were tracked in his game preserve on Larry's Creek, Lycoming County, in February, 1916. Game wardens reported to the redoubtable Mr. Kalbfus that "large grey foxes" or wolves were running deer on certain mountains in Centre County in the fall of 1915. A coyote was reported killed near Farrandsville, Clinton County, in January, 1916. Centre County newspapers in April, 1916, told of a wolf which fright-

ened farmers and howled from the top of the mountain near Jacksonville Gap, in that county. Doubtless there are records of other wolves killed or seen in recent years; but up to the time of the preparation of this treatise they have not come to light. It is certain that wolves were killed in the Seven Mountains after 1886, in the Clearfield region between 1884 and 1892, and in Potter County within a year or two of 1890. From the data available it would seem that Seth Iredell Nelson is the slayer of the last native wolves, in addition to being the oldest wolf killer. The Elk County wolf of 1891 is next in order, but the pity of it is that the hunter's name is unknown. It is hoped that the party in question will read this article and come forward. If the persons to whom the last bonafide bounty were paid deserve the title, then John Razey and Fremont Gage, who killed the wolves in Potter County, are the heroes of the exploit, and fit to rank with MacQueen, of Pall-a-Chrocain, who killed the last wolf in Scotland, and Rory Carragh, who in the Tyrone mountains slew the last Irish wolf. The personalities of John Razey and Fremont Gage should be better known and should be given a chance to wear their laurels in that immortal coterie of Pennsylvania wolf hunters which includes such names as Dan Treaster, Seth Iredell Nelson, Samuel Quinn, of Quinn's Run, who killed four wolves with a single bullet; C. W. Dickinson, who caught wolves with fish hooks; Samuel Askey, LeRoy Lyman, Philip Shreckengast and David Zimmerman, who drove the wolves out



SETH IREDELL NELSON (1809-1905)
Who Killed a Wolf in Clearfield County When He Was in
His 83d Year.

of Eastern Sugar Valley. There is plenty of glory, and an admiring posterity; there can be no prouder title than slayer of the last native wolf in Pennsylvania. Let us hail the names of Nelson, Dickinson, Lyman, Shreckengast, Askey and the rest as heroes of the chase!

Among famous Pennsylvania wolfers Bill Long, born near Reading, Berks County, in 1790, and died at Hickory Kingdom, Clearfield County, in May, 1880, is pre-eminent. During his career in the wilds of Clearfield and Jefferson Counties he killed two thousand wolves. In 1835 he had five wolf dens which he visited annually for pups. From one den he abstracted pups five years in succession, as the mother wolves persisted in returning to the same localities. His son, Andy Jackson Long, born in 1829, and died in 1900, killed one hundred and fifty wolves, the last two in 1881. George Smith, a Jefferson County hunter, born in 1827, died in 1901, killed five hundred wolves in the Pennsylvania forests. Le Roy Lyman, born in 1821, gored to death by a bull in 1886, was famed as the greatest wolf hunter in Potter County. His son, Milo Lyman, states that his father killed three hundred wolves in Pennsylvania, mostly between the years 1852 and 1865. Samuel Askey in Centre County killed 98 wolves, Philip Shreckengast in Clinton County killed 93 wolves. Wolves in Elk County were prevalent as late as the seventies. P. C. Hockenbery, the well-known photographer of Warren, relates that his mother and self were followed by wolves on Mill

Creek in 1869. The last wolves in Elk County, on which bounties were paid, are recorded in Dr. W. J. McKnight's "Pioneer Outline History of Northwestern Pennsylvania" as follows: J. R. Green, Nov. 8, 1871, one; J. Bennett, Jr., Oct. 28, 1873, one; A. J. Runmer, Dec. 13, 1874, one; J. R. Green, October, 1874, one; John Myers, Dec. 14, 1874, one; George Smith, April 8, 1874, two; Charles A. Brown, Dec. 28, 1874, one; O. B. Fitch, December, 1877, one. James Irvin collected the last wolf bounty in Warren County in 1866. In 1865 several wolves were killed by the Faddy boys, Seneca Indians, on the Cornplanter Reservation, in Warren County. Wolves were plentiful on Cornplanter's Reservation and on Kinzua Creek as late as 1870. Indians killed the last wolves in Warren County in the late sixties, but there is no record of their having collected any bounties on the scalps. Jim Jacobs, the old Seneca elk hunter, was conspicuous among the redmen who hunted the last wolves in Warren and McKean Counties. According to some authorities this mighty Nimrod was killed by a train near Bradford in 1880, although John C. French, of Roulette, Potter County, declares that he saw him on the Seneca Reservation, alive and well in September, 1881. But such an apparition would not surprise the Indians, who firmly believed in ghosts. General Egbert L. Viele, Civil War hero and pioneer of McKean County oil fields, purchased two female wolves from C. W. Dickinson, of Norwich, that county, as ornaments to his estate on Riverside Drive, New York

City, in May, 1872. He commissioned the hunter to catch him a male wolf, but Mr. Dickinson was unable to locate one that season. Later in the year the General wrote that he wanted no male wolf, as the two he had "played hob" about his premises, so much so that they had to be killed. Harrison Lyman, of Potter County, kept a live wolf nearly three years, but it killed so much poultry that he slaughtered it. J. W. Stark and LeRoy Lyman, of the same County, caught five wolves in 1867 which they kept for nearly three years, finally executing them for killing poultry and sheep.

The Bradford Star-Record has this to say concerning the last wolf:

"Charles Ives, of Lewis Run, an oil well pump-er, while making no such claim himself, is believed to have been the last Pennsylvanian to have shot a native timber wolf in this state.

"A few days ago the Star-Record made known the fact that so far as history records the last wolf of that kind was killed on Kinzua Creek by two Bradford boys in 1886, and we asked for information which would lead to the identity of the lads whose names were desired by Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, a noted author of Pennsylvania mountain and forest tales and history.

"A number of people directed us to Mr. Ives as one of the two hunters who made the notable record.

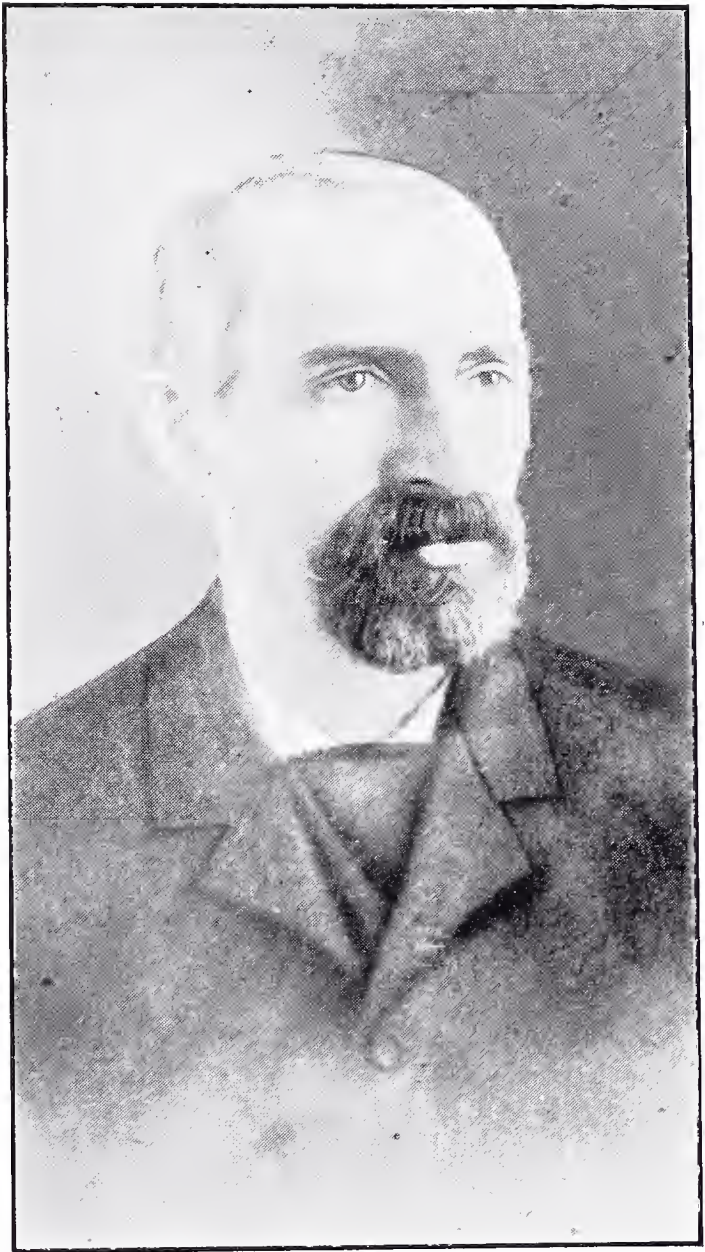
"A Star-Record reporter called Mr. Ives by telephone last evening. He said that in 1888, two years after Colonel Shoemaker names, he and Theodore Pierce, of Lewis Run, started out in the fall deer hunting. They passed over the hill to

Mt. Alton, and there they learned that a wolf had been seen on Marvin Run, a tributary to Kinzua Creek, so they started out after the wolf. This wolf had been seen by different people in the woods during the year previous. It was reported to be a big one, but no one who was armed had got near enough to it to take a shot at it. Ives, who was about 24 years old at the time, and Pierce, also a young man, made their way over to the section where the wolf had last been seen. The big fellow appeared and before he could get away Ives got a shot at him and made short work of the animal's existence. It was a female.

"Mr. Ives says the pelt measured 7 feet 4 inches in length from tip to tip.

"In 1880 Mr. Ives shot an animal at Lewis Run which he always considered a coyote, but which other hunters declared was a wolf. There was no question about the species of the animal killed on the Kinzua, however."

A pack of wandering wolves, a dozen in number, came to the edge of the clearing at the back of the home of the great wolf hunter, Aaron Hall, near Unionville, Centre County, one winter night in 1880. They set up a terrific howling which the dogs could not silence. They came so close that their flaming eyes could be seen by Mr. Hall and his sons from where they stood on the back porch. After several shots were fired at them they disappeared in the direction of the big Alleghany Mountain. A black wolf followed Andrew Hironimus out of Poe Valley one night in February, 1863. He could hear its tread in the frozen snow a few feet back of him but it made



C. W. DICKINSON,
Of McKean County, the Greatest Living Pennsylvania
Wolf Hunter.

no effort to molest him. That same winter Jonas J. Barnet, born in 1838, who resides at Weikert, Union County, often heard wolves tonguing deer at night in Poe Valley, where he was engaged in getting out logs. J. D. Eckel, surveyor of Green Township, Clinton County, relates how his father, the late J. L. Eckel, told him of finding a wolf's track up the mountain side at McCall's Dam. A little further on it was joined by a second wolf, which had come up from the valley, later on by a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, until a score of wolves had joined the leader on the mountain top, showing that the animals traveled with military precision, coming together after the night's forays at previously arranged stations. J. F. Knepley, of Jersey Shore Junction, states that his father, Christian Knepley, the first mail carrier on the Pike between Jersey Shore and Coudersport, often related how the wolves used to run ahead of his horse like hunting dogs. The wolves had a regular crossing in eastern Sugar Valley, their path being in the hollow between the Samuel Brown and John Womeldorf homesteads. Mrs. Sophia Schwenk, nee Brown, relates how as a school girl she was not allowed to go to school—she had to cross the wolf's path to reach the school house—on days when these animals were performing their migrations. That was about 1860, when the region about the Brown homestead was a dense forest of original white pines and hemlocks. W. H. Franck, of Eastville, grandson of Jacob Franck, the famous Sugar Valley wolf and bear hunter, re-

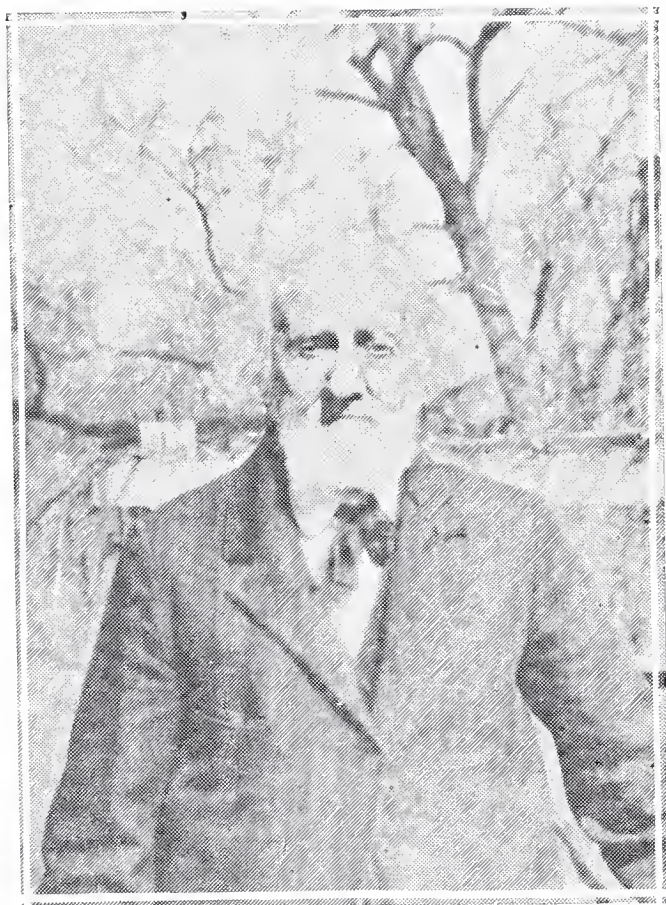
lates that up to 1860 the wolves had a crossing in the west end of the valley near Logan Mills. A third path was near Summer Creek, not far from the heart of the present town of Loganton; it was used by the wolves as late as 1857, in their journeys to and from the White Deer watershed. John Womeldorf relates that packs of wolves used to run along the summits of the mountains on the northerly side of Sugar Valley on winter evenings howling at the farmers engaged in their "night milking" in the barnyards in the valley below. Many farmers favored firing the mountains to destroy their cover.



III. THE LAST PACK.

AS long ago as 1835 the packs of wolves in Central Pennsylvania showed signs of diminishing. In the spring of that year the bodies of twenty wolves were found in a gulley on Shade Mountain, not far from Swinefordstown, after the snow had melted. The poor animals, weakened from lack of food, had huddled together for mutual protection, been engulfed in a snowbank and perished. Hunting parties, trappers and poisoners wiped out a dozen packs in the Juniata, Seven Mountains, Snow Shoe and Black Forest regions between 1835 and 1860. At the time of the first settlers packs of 500 were common; during the first half of the nineteenth century a pack containing fifty was considered a rarity. After 1850, a pack of twenty was considered unusual. Dr. W. J. McKnight, of Brookville, Jefferson County, says: "In the middle of the last century large packs of wolves roamed a greater part of the state." Edwin Grimes, of Roulette, Potter County, born in 1830, tells of packs of thirty and forty wolves surrounding his hunting camp near Buttsville, McKean County, in 1847, and subsequent years. They were so plentiful that Grimes never bothered to skin the wolves he shot. In the Divide Region of Clearfield County three packs, all of about twenty individuals, lingered on until after 1880. John Kearns, now of Lock Haven,

Clinton County, states that these wolves destroyed many deer "crusted" in the snow near Penfield, about 1870. In the Seven Mountains only one pack survived—the celebrated Black Avengers, as they were called by some, or the *Schwartzgeist* by others. This pack always contained twenty black wolves and held its numbers until after 1880. It made its headquarters in Treaster Valley, Mifflin County, but ranged through the entire Seven Mountains country. There is no record that they ever did any great amount of damage to live stock or game, although Dr. J. T. Rothrock says that they were one of the causes for the scarcity of deer in Treaster Valley. Very few of them were ever captured by hunters or trappers. Dan Treaster, of Treaster Valley, trapped a few each winter, but followed the old Indian policy of keeping the breeding stock alive. Forest fires and lumbering, as well as diminishment of food supply after the Seven Mountains became a noted hunters' rendezvous caused their numbers to grow less. Clem Herlacher, who camped in Treaster Valley in 1892 and 1893, says that the pack numbered about a dozen during those years. In 1898 the beds of thirteen wolves were discovered by fishermen in Detwiler Hollow, in the Seven Mountains, evidently this same pack of "black boys." In February, 1902, George Grenoble was followed by three black wolves in a wood between Millheim and Aaronsburg, in Penn's Valley. Wolves singly and in pairs were tracked in the Seven Mountains during the winters of 1903, 1904 and 1905. P. F. Conser, a Mill-



DANIEL OTT (1820-1916)

**The Veteran Hunter of Snyder County, Who Killed the Last
Wolves in the Susquehanna Valley.**

heim farmer, was working in one of his fields with his son Harry in March, 1908, when they saw a black wolf trotting along in a southerly direction, evidently headed for the Seven Mountains. This gave rise to the story that the wolves were returning to the Seven Mountains. It is said that wolves howled in Treaster Valley and High Valley during the spring of 1908. It is claimed that wolf tracks were noticed in the Bare Meadows in the winter of 1909. But that is the last heard of the Black Avengers. A pack of Centre County grey wolves was reduced in numbers by Samuel Askey, of Snow Shoe, who killed ninety-eight between 1820 and 1845. A pack of brown wolves hung on in the Buffalo Mountain Country, and ranged up to the White Deer Mountains until April, 1853. Famished, they attacked some dogs belonging to a raft moored at the foot of Bald Eagle Mountain, near Muncy, but most of them were shot by raftsmen. That was the last heard of the pack, which was undoubtedly the last pack in that part of Pennsylvania. Charles and James Huff, of White Deer, Union County, chased grey wolves in the White Deer Mountains in 1875. The three packs of brown wolves in Clearfield County were harassed by trappers, most of them being killed by Seth Iredell Nelson and his associates. By 1890 they were reduced to three or four scattering individuals. There was a big pack of grey wolves in McKean County during the first half of the nineteenth century. At times it numbered a hundred animals, old and young. Settlements along the Alleghany divided it.

and part ranged into Potter County. The bulk of the McKean County aggregation were slain or scattered by C. W. Dickinson, formerly of Norwich, but the remnant were killed after 1886 on Potato Creek and Kinzua Creek. The last of the Potter County band were killed by John Razey, of Sunderlinville, and Fremont Gage, of Sweden Hill, in 1890, who collected the bounty on their scalps. However, C. W. Dickinson claims, with good reason, in Chapter VIII, that the Razey "wolf" was Col. Parker's escaped coyote. The grey wolf which followed the last elk killed by Jim Jacobson, a half breed hunter, in Potter County, November, 1875, was shot a few weeks later by Le Roy Lyman. There was a pack of grey wolves in Blair and Cambria County, which ranged into other more southerly counties, and another pack of grey wolves in Somerset County, which inhabited Laurel Ridge. These packs were being constantly reinforced by starving animals from West Virginia. C. E. Connelly, the historian, states that he heard wolves howling in the forest at night in West Virginia, between Buffalo Creek and the Gauley River, in September, 1902. The almost total destruction by hunters of deer, wild turkeys, ground-hogs and rabbits in the mountains of Southern Pennsylvania, caused the breaking up of these wolfish companies, perhaps forever. S. N. Rhoads mentions a school master, "somewhere in the Seven Mountains," being attacked by a pack of wolves about 1898. Lucky pedagogue to have had such an experience in this empty day!

IV. THREE KINDS OF WOLVES.

IT is certain that there were three kinds of wolves in Pennsylvania, although they may have been color phases of one species, *canis mexicanus nubilus*. This might stand as a fact were it not that there was a difference in localities inhabited by the several varieties. While there may have been cases where black wolves whelped grey or brown pups, and inversely, yet the concensus of opinion of the old hunters, and it is on their observations that this book is writtten, is that the wolves of Pennsylvania bred remarkably true to color. The largest variety, the grey wolf, was found in Northern and in Southern Pennsylvania, or, to be more exact, in the counties of the Northern and Southern tier. The brown wolf, smallest in size, was the variety that formerly abounded in the Blue Mountains, in the West Branch Valley, clear to Clearfield County, and in the Western part of the State. The grey and brown varieties were less wary and were more quickly exterminated than the third variety, which was midway in size between the two, the black wolf, or *canis lycaon*. This animal strangely enough inhabited the most limited ground for it was seldom seen outside the confines of the Seven Mountains in Centre and Mifflin Counties. And in the Seven Mountains the old hunters aver that there were no wolves except black ones. The color of these black wolves was subject to variation. Some were jetty black,

others a dusky black, or very dark brown, others jetty black or dusky black with somewhat lighter coloring on the under parts. Many of them had brown ears. That the black wolf was a separate variety is upheld by the fact that its general contour was different from the others. This will be seen exactly in Chapter IV, by studying the descriptions and dimensions of the black wolves as differentiated from the other kinds. As far as intelligence went, the black wolf was far the superior of the others. It was susceptible of domestication, and would have made the ideal hunting dog of Pennsylvania. In the Jura Mountains, on the borders of France and Switzerland, two varieties of wolves were found occupying adjacent territory. The grey wolf inhabited the great forests on the plains and the first plateau, while the black wolf was found in the high mountain regions embracing the second and third plateaus. Dr. W. J. McKnight, in his "Pioneer Outline history of Northwestern Pennsylvania," states "the pioneer hunter would sometimes raise a wolf pup. This pup would be a dog in every sense of the word until about two years old, and then would be a wolf in all his acts." Audubon in his "Quadrupeds of North America" says: "Once when we were traveling on foot not far from the Southern boundary of Kentucky, we fell in with a black wolf, following a man with his rifle on his shoulder. On speaking with him about this animal, he assured us that it was as tame and gentle as a dog, and that he had never met a dog that could trail a deer bet-



LE ROY LYMAN (1821-1886)

A Potter County Hunter of National Reputation Who Slew
Several Hundred Wolves in Northern Pennsylvania.

ter. We were so much struck with this account and the noble appearance of the wolf, that we offered him one hundred dollars for it, but the owner said he would not part with it for any price." What was the case in the West, was equally true in the Seven Mountains and in Clearfield and Jefferson Counties. One or two of the earliest hunters trained black wolves to act as hunting dogs and companions. These and wild black wolves bred with dogs owned by pioneers, producing a really worthy progeny. St. George Mivart has said "hybrids between the dog and the wolf have proved to be fertile, though for no long period." The writer remembers that in his early boyhood about twenty years ago he saw several of these wolf-dogs. They were intelligent and kindly, and highly prized by their owners, farmers in some of the valleys adjacent to the Seven Mountains. The craze for handsome sheep dogs or collies which struck the valleys about this time resulted in ending the breeding of the wolfish dogs, which to those not in sympathy with them, were technically mongrels, and they eventually disappeared. There are probably few of them now in existence. Their owners declared that they never showed the slightest tendency to revert to a wild state. In September, 1898, the writer visited a farmer, who tilled some back lots at the foot of the mountains on the South side of Brush Valley not far from Minnick's Gap. This old fellow, Abe Royer by name, kept some turkeys, half wild, which were the result of his tame turkey hens crossing with wild gobblers which lived

on the mountain back of his cabin. He had preserved several wild pigeons until 1895, to be used as "stool pigeons" in the event of the great flocks "returning."

He also kept several wolf-dogs. These animals had dun and grey coloring not unlike collies, but had the shorter hair and longer legs of wolves. There was no trace of black in their coloring, although their owner stated that their grand-sire had been a black wolf which coupled with a shepherd bitch some ten years before when he was lumbering for Ario Pardee in High Valley. He said that neither turkeys nor dogs had the least inclination to revert to the savage proclivities of their ancestors. If the grey wolves and the brown wolves had any of the admirable characteristics of their black relatives, the old hunters sayeth not. "Crafty and mean" is the general verdict expressed about the grey wolves, "nasty like little cur dogs," is the general run of remarks relative to the brown wolves. Doubtless these uncomplimentary characterizations are unjust to the animals, but they were certainly not up to the standard of the black wolves. If all are of one variety these attempts at specialization are hardly worth the time to read. At the same time it may show that color in animals has much to do with habitation, character and disposition. It may help to reveal the secret of why some men are blonde and others dark.

Robert C. Quiggle, born August 22, 1830, died May 23, 1916, an intelligent gentleman who resided at Pine Station, Clinton County, told of his brother, Wil-

liam Quiggle, who used to climb a certain big shellbark back of their home and bark like a wolf, drawing many brown wolves off the mountains close enough to be shot. When shown the author's tame coyotes at McElhattan Springs Mr. Quiggle exclaimed: "Why, those are the same animals that abounded on the Bald Eagle Mountain seventy years ago." Query, what was the most easterly limit of the coyote's range? Could it possibly have been identical with the "small brown wolf" of the Susquehanna Valley, or the small brown wolf of the Carolinas? Jacob Quiggle (1821-1911) older brother of Robert C. Quiggle, often related to the author how his brother William called the wolves off the mountain and out of the forest to be shot. Once when Jacob Quiggle was a tiny boy he told his father of the nice brown dog which followed his little sister and himself to school every day. The elder Quiggle became suspicious, and accompanying the children armed with a shot-gun, encountered a wolf on the path. Despite the children's entreaties he shot the handsome animal. Colonel James W. Quiggle was fond of relating how at nightfall, especially in cold weather, the wolves howled along the foot of the Bald Eagle Mountains at McElhattan, in Clinton County. The stress laid on the "barking" of these brown wolves is another point in favor of the possibility of their being "prairie wolves" or coyotes. Daniel Ott, born May 27, 1820, pioneer hunter of Selin's Grove, Snyder County, states that wolves were plentiful along the Susquehanna when he was a boy. They sometimes barked from the top of the Blue Hill at the good people across the river

in Northumberland and Sunbury. When the canal was building in the early thirties they barked nightly from the summit of Mahanoy Mountain. Mr. Ott killed many wolves and saw numerous wolves taken by other hunters. "They were yellowish grey in color, lighter colored than the timber wolves of the west" was the way in which he described them. In the West, as a buffalo hunter in the seventies, Mr. Ott saw and killed timber wolves. This all adds color to the supposition that perhaps the coyote had a narrow strip of range east of the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Juniata. When this subject was referred to S. N. Rhoads, of Philadelphia, the great authority on the mammals of Pennsylvania stated emphatically that it would be impossible to believe that the prairie wolf (*canis latrans*) ever had a permanent habitat in Pennsylvania, or even in Ohio. In the old sporting *parlance* of Pennsylvania, the black wolf and the grey wolf "howled," while the small brown wolf "barked." Hunters ranked the brown wolf little above the colishay or grey fox as a game animal, whereas they fully respected the splendid qualities of its larger relatives *canis lycaon* and *canis nubilus*. At times the grey and black wolves imitated the hunting dogs and "barked," but their natural utterance was a truly melancholy howl, the very personification of loneliness and wildness, of night time and olden days. Audubon in his "Quadrupeds of North America" describes vividly how a farmer near Vincennes, Indiana, whom he visited, caught many black wolves in pitfalls. In the Seven Mountains, in Centre and Mifflin Counties, the old

settlers used this method of trapping Pennsylvania black wolves. Daniel Karstetter, who was born near the Blue Rock, on the Karoondinha (John Penn's Creek) in 1824, and died in Sugar Valley in 1907, maintained several of these pits near his hunting camp at Greenbriar Knob. A haunch of venison or a dead sheep was usually placed in the pits, which were eight feet deep, broadest at the bottom so as to render it impossible for the most active animals to escape from them. The mouth of each pit was covered with a revolving platform of boughs and twigs, and attached to a cross piece of timber, which served as an axle. When the hungry animals scented the bait and sprang on the covering, it revolved, hurling the brutes, sometimes two or three at a time, into the pit below. Often Karstetter's cabin was entirely "weather-boarded" with wolf hides obtained in this way. Susquehanna County, where "animal drives" were practiced to rid the section of wolves and other more or less troublesome animals, was also the scene of much "pitfall" hunting. An aged German hunter from the *Schwarzwald* in the Old Country, was a leader in this pastime. Josiah Lord, a Susquehanna County pioneer, in describing the antics of a pack of wolves who descended on a dead cow near his home, is quoted in Blackman's History of that County as follows: "About two o'clock in the morning we were waked up by a sudden yell of the wolves, and they yelled without intermission until daylight. As they continued howling, the fine yelp of the pups increased the roar which seemed to shake the earth like thunder." Another Susquehanna County

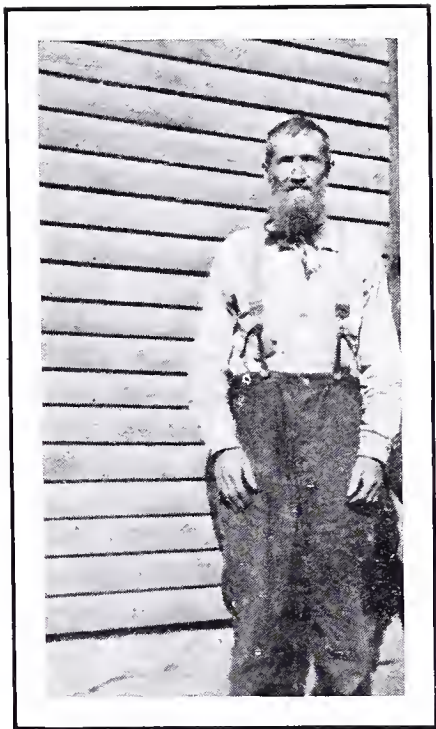
wolfer has this to say concerning the howling of wolves: "I wish I could describe this howl, but the best comparison I can give would be to take a dozen railroad whistles, braid them together, and then let one strand after another drop off, the last peal so frightfully piercing as to go through your heart and soul; you would feel as though your hair stood straight on end if it was ever so long." The Brown brothers, of Susquehanna County, caught many wolves in pit-falls. A Susquehanna County wolf hunter, contemporary with the Brown boys, is quoted in Blackman's History as describing the wolves of that region as "coarse, grey-haired, ugly looking things." Wolves were prevalent in Pike County as late as 1830. Joseph Brooks, a Yorkshireman who died in 1832, made a failure of his woolen-goods manufacturing near Dingman's Ferry because the wolves destroyed the sheep in large numbers, while the lambs succumbed from eating too much sheep laurel or "Lamb-kill." The site of this unfortunate venture is now called the "George W. Childs Park," having been given to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by the widow of the famous editor and philanthropist. One of the most famous wolf hunters in Pennsylvania was "King" (Henry) Heizmann, "The Bear Trapper," who died near Boyersville, now called Mazeppa, Union County, in 1895. Every fall this eccentric man, who was by profession a maker of wooden pumps, would place his trapping outfit in his saddle-bags and go to the White Deer Mountains where he trapped until spring. He captured many wolves, luring them out of the forests by

imitating their cries. Edwin Grimes killed wolves the same way in McKean County. For years Heizmann would regale the children at cabins where he stopped for the night by mimicing the howling of wolves, while seated about the inglenook. "Bill" Long, also called "The King Hunter," as a small boy surprised his father by "calling" wolves out of the forest to be shot. He learned the trick, he said, from friendly Indians, who frequented the elder Long's still-house. Another great wolf hunter of the White Deer Mountains contemporary with "King" Heizmann was Jakey Hoffman, of Hightown, now White Deer. His son-in-law, George Huff, born in 1835, states that the last wolf that he (Huff) saw in the White Deer Mountains was in 1853 in the "Dutch" End," when he encountered a large grey wolf lying on a flat rock. He fired at the monster, missing, but the bullet imbedded itself to the hilt in the boulder. One of Jakey Hoffman's wolf traps, made by his brother, John Hoffman, a blacksmith, of Loyalsockville, and dated "1826," is now in the author's collection. Some of the last wolves killed at the headwaters of White Deer Creek were found to have their stomachs filled with mud, showing that they were in a condition verging on starvation. They were dying out, victims of *altered conditions*. Many wolves in this region were poisoned by stuffing the hide of a lamb with lard, in which was hidden *nux vomica*. These wolves bit into the "tempting morsel" and soon succumbed, three being found near the Shrader Spring, in Hope Valley, one morning.

V. DESCRIPTION AND HABITS.

C. W. DICKINSON, of Smethport, McKean County, the greatest living Pennsylvania wolf hunter, and a man of intelligence and education, makes the following comments anent our native wolves:

"The peculiar traits of the wolf family are too numerous to state here in full, but will give some of the main points. The wolf is one of the most cunning and shrewd animals we know anything about. They are the most difficult animal to catch in a trap that we know anything about. If a wolf is caught in a trap by bait and should happen to make his escape, don't try to catch that wolf with bait again, for life is too short to do it. The only way to catch that wolf is to set traps in a path where they travel occasionally. Don't use any bait; if you do he will give that locality a wide berth. If a wolf gets caught in a trap and happens to twist his foot off, he must leave the pack or drove he belongs with. Whether they drive him away or whether he leaves them because he can't stand the long journeys they take is a question we can't answer. We never saw an instance of a three-footed wolf traveling with other wolves; he always goes alone; keeps near the settlements. He may be in three or four counties in three or four days and never kills but one sheep at a time, and never goes



JONAS J. BARNET (Born 1838),
Who Heard the Wolves Howl in Poe Valley, Centre County,
in 1863.

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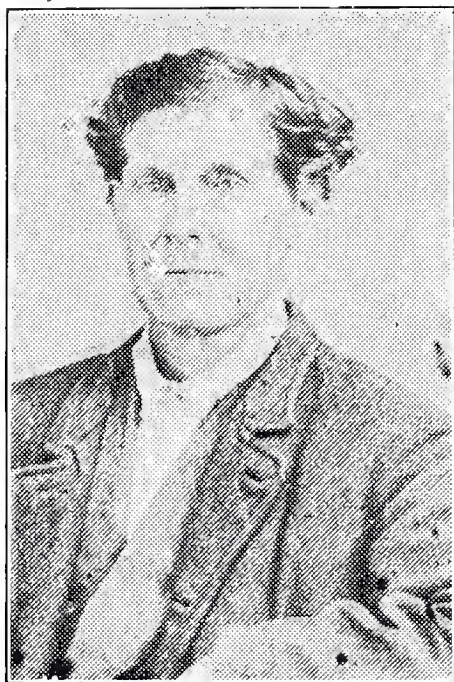
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back to that carcass for a second meal. The man that sets traps by these carcasses fools away his time. Their chief food consists of deer meat, muttton, woodchucks, coons and rabbits, but they can be kept on any food that a dog will live on. They are quite bold in night time but unmerciful cowards in daylight, that is, as far as the human family are concerned. They are not afraid of other wild animals. A lone wolf will kill any deer or drive away most any bear, and two wolves will put any bear to flight in a hurry. But they were awfully afraid of man in the day time, but in night time will come within ten or twelve rods of a small campfire and howl for an hour or more. We never knew of them to attack a man or to show any signs of fight, not even around their dens where they had their young. Their mating season is from the 5th to the 15th of February, and they have their puppies from the 10th to the 20th of April. The number of whelps at a litter is from five to twelve. I have caught a she-wolf with eleven breasts being nursed. The size of the whelps, which are born blind, and almost black in color, is about the same as common pups would be from a dog that would weigh from sixty to eighty pounds. Mivart says: 'The mammary glands are from six to ten in number, but the variation which is found in the Domestic Dog as regards this character may lead us to anticipate that it may not be a constant one in the wild species.' The time of mating to the time of birth is nine weeks, the same as our common dog. When the young wolves

are two or three weeks old, the two old ones do their heavy killing of sheep. The male wolf stays with the female from mating time until the young are grown and hunts for food as faithfully as the mother wolf. When the young are about ten weeks old the old ones take them from the den and begin to teach them to travel. After they leave the den they are a band of wanderers. They do not return to the den again that year. They are taught to wander and kill. By the time they are six months old they are great rangers and will travel as far in a night as the old ones care to go. During late September and October the woodchucks are denned up for the winter, so the wolves will begin to slaughter sheep again, but at this season of the year the number of sheep killed is only about half compared with May and June. Their sheep killing is not confined to the two periods above mentioned, for they are liable to make a raid on sheep at any time. During the latter part of January the old wolves will take the young wolves to some locality from twenty to forty miles from the den. Here they will soon teach the young they have got to stay away from them. They must not follow after the old ones; if they do, they get roughly handled. As soon as the young are thoroughly convinced they have got to shift for themselves the old ones return to their den, and any wolf that dares to venture near that point has got to be able to whip that pair or he must hike for other quarters. A full grown Pennsylvania grey wolf is about as tall as a greyhound, and has a long nose,

quite slim; he has large tusks, a fine set of teeth, a mouth split well back; he has a treacherous rolling eye, very keen; he is heavily built through the butt of jaws; ears about four inches long, inclined to be thick and stand up on his head like a fox's ears. He is quite deep through the chest and well cut up in the flanks. He is thin through the chest, body and hams. The shape of his body after being skinned is similar to the body of a fox, only very much larger. His hair or fur is long but not coarse. It gives him a shaggy appearance. His tail is long and shaggy. A full grown wolf of this species will weigh from 60 to 80 pounds. There have been some larger ones caught in this section weighing as high as 90 pounds. I saw a western timber wolf in the Zoo at Buffalo, N. Y., in March, 1914, and it seemed to me slightly bigger than the grey wolf of Northern Pennsylvania. But it may have been better fed. Their main hold on a sheep or deer (except a buck deer with antlers) is the throat, which they will hang to, giving the animal a few violent shakes which will make their necks creak until the animal stops struggling, then he will let go. If he is a cripple he will proceed to take a meal, but if he belongs to a den where there are young whelps he will look for a chance to kill another sheep, and if he can't see any more to kill he will take a meal and hike and won't return to any of the dead sheep again or visit this section again that season, unless he can come in on the opposite side of that field; then it is fresh mutton for him. He will not visit any of the old carcasses. The

wolf is very strong, quick and active. If a lone wolf gets up to a buck deer with antlers the wolf will juke and dodge around the buck until he gets a snap or two at that buck's gambrel joints. At a single snap he will have one leg of that buck useless and a snap or two at the other gambrel joint, and that buck's hind legs are useless. He will stand on his gambrels instead of his hind feet. Now he is an easy prey for that wolf. Just one throat hold and that buck is a dead deer. The only good trait of the wolf is, the old male will not leave the mother wolf to take care of her young; he is always with her, death being the only thing to separate them. Still, many men think the wolf ought to have been protected by law. Not any of that for me, but I think that the bounty laws are superfluous and a waste of the State's money." The sheep-killing wolves which Mr. Dickinson describes doubtless would have been less destructive had not man decimated the deer and other of their natural sources of subsistence. These gray wolves were probably the type which Mr. S. N. Rhoads calls *canis Mexicanus nubilis*. In size they were the largest of the Pennsylvania wolves. In Williams' Civil and Natural History of Vermont, published in 1797, the weight of a Vermont wolf is given as 92 pounds. A large specimen of the European wolf mentioned in the same work is given as 69 pounds 8 ounces. Harlan, in his Pennsylvania Natural History, evidently refers to the brown wolf when he says: "The wolf in Pennsylvania is reddish-brown color, the hair being tipped with



"JAKE" HAMERSLEY,
Who Cleaned Out the Last Wolves in Northern Clinton County.

black, but especially so over the fore shoulders and sides. Bartram, in his natural history notes, says: "The wolves of Pennsylvania are a yellowish brown color." This is the variety which is called in Trego's "Geography of Pennsylvania" *lupus occidentalis*. A better name would be *canis occidentalis*. Audubon gives the measurements of a black wolf as follows: Length of head and body, 3 feet 2 inches; tail vertebra, 11 inches; tail vertebra, including fur, 1 foot 1 inch; length of ear, 3 inches. C. W. Dickinson gives the length of the ear of a Pennsylvania wolf as 4 inches; "tail very long." These animals, being noted for their long, trailing tails, were called by the old settlers "the long-tailed hunters." Others among the old-timers called them "Mountain Nightingales." A black wolf, caught in Penn's Valley, in Centre County, about 1857, measured, whole length, 4 feet 4 inches; tail, 1 foot; length of ear, 2 inches. The ears of this wolf were very narrow, the nose was more pointed and the tail was not quite so long as the grey wolves from the northern part of the State. The black wolf is known scientifically as *canis lycaon*. The measurements of a small wolf, taken in Sugar Valley before the Civil War, are given as, length from point of nose to root of tail, 2 feet 11 inches; tail, 1 foot 1 inch. The measurements of a western grey wolf are given as, nose to origin of tail, 3 feet $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches; length of trunk of tail, 1 foot 1 inch; ears, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. These are singularly like the measurements of the grey wolves noted by C. W. Dickinson in Northern Pennsylvania. While it

may be possible that the three varieties of wolves found in Pennsylvania were all variations of the one species, they exhibited marked differences. The grey wolf of the Northern Counties was the biggest and strongest variety; his prevailing color was dark grey, his head and jaws large, his ears long and pointed. The brown wolf of the Eastern and Central part of the State was about the size of the animal which Audubon called the "red Texas wolf," or most likely the size of a male coyote. It varied in color from a yellowish to a reddish brown. It had smaller and squarer ears than the grey wolf of the North. The black wolf, which seldom if ever was found outside of the Seven Mountains, was slightly larger than the brown wolf, more rangy in build, with long but narrower ears, and a tremendous length of nose. It varied in color from a sooty grey, or hyena color, to a jet, shiny black. Its tail was often so devoid of hair, especially in summer, as to resemble a black curved stick. It was the swiftest runner of all the three varieties. It was very moderate in its diet, and seldom attacked sheepfolds. It would have been an ideal animal for coursing with dogs. Audubon gives the height of a Western grey wolf as 2 feet 5 inches. C. W. Dickinson says the Pennsylvania grey wolf was the height of a greyhound. A Pennsylvania black wolf was said to be "about the height of a half-breed shepherd dog." A Pennsylvania brown wolf "resembled in height and general appearance a small sized foxhound." From these meagre pen pictures perhaps those interested in the wolves of the

Keystone State can evolve a series of portraits. It is a shame on our naturalists that none of these wolves were secured for our various museums or zoological gardens. Regarding the howling of Pennsylvania wolves, Dr. McKnight, who often heard them, says: "I have listened in my bed to the dismal howl of the Pennsylvania wolf, and for the benefit of those who have never heard a wolf's musical *soirée*, I will state here that one wolf leads off in a long tenor, and the whole pack joins in the chorus." As previously stated, the black and grey wolves noticed by the first settlers in Pennsylvania did not bark but howled. Gradually they imitated the dogs, until they became as proficient at barking as the dogs themselves.

Wolfer C. W. Dickinson, under date of September 10, 1915, thus further comments on the appearance of the grey wolf of Northern Pennsylvania: "Am sending you a photograph of a genuine grey wolf in his winter coat. This photo was taken the fore part of March, while his coat of fur or hair was at its best. If you remember, I wrote you of seeing this wolf in the Buffalo Zoo in March, 1914. My impression at that time was that this wolf would be in the heavy class of full-grown animals, and that I had never seen a wolf with a heavy coat of hair on his neck and shoulders. In August, 1914, I went to the zoo armed with a kodak, bound to get a picture of this same wolf. It being my first attempt at picture taking, it turned out a fizzle. Did not get a film that was any good. But I learned enough to satisfy me for my trip. The wolf

had lost his winter coat, and his hair was as short and smooth as a common smooth-haired dog. It just dawned on me that I never before saw a wolf while he had his winter coat of fur on.

"The late Spring, Summer and early Fall being the only times that we could trap or hunt them, and all of our experiences with the wolf family were while they had their summer coat, which is not one-quarter as long or heavy as their winter coat. And after looking this fellow over carefully we have changed our mind about the size of him. Instead of putting him in the heavy class we will put him as a medium-sized full-grown wolf. If I am fortunate enough to get to Buffalo the last of this month I will try to get a photo of this fellow in his summer coat, and, if successful, will send you a print so you can compare them. They are a hard animal to get a picture of, because they are so restless and uneasy. You will see that this is not a perfect picture, for the wolf moved his tail, and it just shows a blur, but this is the best view out of a dozen. It does not make any difference where this wolf comes from—whether it was Maine, Montana or California—he is a gray wolf, and the very same type of the grey wolf of Pennsylvania. When hunting young wolves, which was done in the latter part of May or fore part of June, it was a mystery to me, as I could not make out where all the long hair in their nests came from, but it is very plain to me now. It was all from their heavy winter coats."



HENRY B. KARSTETTER,

Born 1842, Who Can Recount Many Incidents of the Days
When Wolves Traveled Through Sugar Valley.
Clinton County.

C. W. Dickinson adds: "At the time I wrote the items about wolves in Pennsylvania, I was driven hard with work, so could not possibly look over any of my old records, so had to give you the size of our grey wolves by comparing them to a grayhound. Since then, I have found the measurement taken of a female wolf I caught in June, 1869.

This wolf measured from tip of nose to end of tail $57\frac{1}{2}$ inches. From end of nose to base of tail 42 inches, length of tail $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches. From heel of fore foot to top of shoulders hair pressed down $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The tusks $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the edge of gums to the point of the tooth. I took the measurement of the head from end of nose to base of vertebra but time had obliterated this so that I cannot make it out.

The wolf in the zoo (see photographs) as he is traveling around in his cage, is about 40 inches from nose to base of tail. If his nose is raised to a line with his back, he would be an inch or more longer. His tail is about 15 inches. He stands about 24 inches high at top of shoulders. One thing I have omitted was the measurement of the ears of the female Pennsylvania wolf recorded above. This was done by holding the ear down so it was about level, then placing the end of a rule against the head, thus measuring the top side of the ear, which was 4 inches. The extreme length was to end of tail bone, plus the skin, and not to the end of the hair on the tail."

According to John Q. Dyce the wolves sometimes selected two dens for their breeding operations. One

was for the permanent abode, but a second generally ten miles distant, was kept in readiness in case the regular cave was noticed by some passing fisherman or prospector, who would be sure to report its existence at the nearest settlement. When the wolfers arrived at the spot the entire wolfish family would have left for "parts unknown." For that reason one of the parent wolves was constantly on guard. This sagacious trait saved many a litter of pups at the Wolf Rock dens at the head of Henry Run, Clinton County, that otherwise would have been quickly destroyed. Yet correctly speaking, wolves were home-loving animals, and their dislike of abandoning accustomed neighborhoods contributed not a little to their speedy extermination in Pennsylvania. It is a misnomer to call them "wanderers;" only in their last, dark, starving days did they flit from place to place in Pennsylvania.



VI. FORMER PREVALENCE.

ONE of the first enactments made by William Penn during his second visit to Pennsylvania in 1699 was to have a bounty placed upon the scalps of wolves. At a Court held at Chester, October 2nd, 1695, it was stated that "there are several wolves' heads to pay for," showing that there was a bounty on wolves' heads as early as 1695. In 1705, wolves had so increased in numbers about Philadelphia that an Act was passed in that year for the killing of wolves (Col. Rec., Vol. II, pp. 212, 231). The amount paid was ten shillings for a dog wolf, fifteen shillings for a she-wolf. The great Quaker interested himself in the matter reluctantly, as he was a strong believer in the conservation of fur-bearing animals. See T. Clarkson's "Memoirs of William Penn," Vol I, p. 382. But a couple of cold winters had set the wolves to howling about the very outskirts of Philadelphia, and something had to be done to quiet the public clamor. Calves, pigs and sheep, taken in some instances by two-footed thieves, no doubt, were charged against the wolves, so they had to suffer. Hundreds of wolves were slain to collect the bounty. At first the numbers did not seem to decrease, and a cry was made to double the bounty. This was done in some localities through private liberality. At the time of Penn's death, in 1718, wolves

were practically exterminated east of Lancaster. Of course, they were plentiful still in the Blue Mountains and in the Lehigh and Pocono regions until a century later. But by the date of Penn's demise they were known no more, except as rare stragglers, in the fertile farming regions in what is now Montgomery, Chester, Lancaster and York Counties. A wolf was killed in Bucks County in 1800, in Chester County in 1816, and one was seen in York County in 1834, according to S. N. Rhoads. At the time of the French and Indian War, when the chain of forts along the Blue Mountains were attacked by redmen in 1755, wolves were present in large companies. While there is no record or tradition extant of their having molested human beings, they proved a source of complaint as considerable as the redmen. Wolves and panthers, as well as the Indians, pillaged the farms at the base of the Blue Mountains, carrying off much stock. Twenty years later they were still numerous along the Blue Mountains, and women whose husbands had gone to the front in the Revolutionary War complained that there was no one to guard stock and children from packs of hungry wolves. One woman—Mrs. Barbara Schwartz, wife of a Revolutionary soldier—shot three wolves which had attacked her watch dog, the shooting occurring in her front yard near the present town of Shubert. After the war the returned soldiers formed hunting parties, so that by the close of the eighteenth century these savage animals were seldom seen east of the Blue Mountains. Until the middle of the nine-



REUBEN McCORMICK,
Born 1828, Who Has a Vivid Recollection of Sugar Valley's
Famed White Wolf.

teenth century they were prevalent in Franklin, Adams, Cumberland, Perry, Schuylkill, Luzerne and adjoining counties to the North. In 1845 or thereabouts they are described as being very numerous in the Wyoming and Tomhicken Valleys. They were still found by the hundreds in the Seven Mountains, and to the South of them, and in Potter, McKean and Clearfield Counties. They were exterminated in the West Branch Valley, except as stragglers, about this time. The celebrated Black Wolf which regularly followed the packetboats on the West Branch Canal from Williamsport to Lock Haven at night, was killed during the great flood of 1847, by Mike Curts, where the old woolen mill now stands in Antes Gap. Mrs. Caroline Lanks, "The Little Red Riding Hood of the West Branch," who as a small girl saw the wolf and alarmed the neighborhood, said that it was black with wide brown bars. "Black Headed Bill" Williams, old-timer and veteran Bucktail, of Pine Station, Clinton County, says that the last time he heard a wolf call on the Round Top back of his home was in the Fall of 1863, when he was home from the army on a furlough. Wolves from Sugar Valley often appeared on the Round Top, which rises directly South of Mr. Williams' home, long after they had ceased to breed in its rocky caverns. Wolves in Clearfield County were plentiful on Mosquito Creek, in 1880, according to Leonard Johnson, formerly a well-known lumberman. They kept up such a howling at night, and such a scampering around the horse stables in a camp where

he was employed, that the horses would hardly be fit for work the next day, so terrified were the poor equines. Wolves were numerous on Potato Creek, in McKean County, up to about that same year. The old packs, such as had marooned Dan Treaster in his barn in Treaster Valley, Centre County, up to about 1850, were about run out in the Seven Mountains by 1880. They relied on company for the success of their hunting operations, and they apparently lacked the courage to forage alone. In Penn's time packs of five hundred wolves had been noticed. Peter Pentz, who died in 1812, was once followed by a pack of two hundred, which was considered an unusually large number at that time.

Dr. B. H. Warren, famous naturalist and custodian of the Everhart Museum at Scranton, thus describes an encounter with wolves in Tomhicken Valley:

"The following memoranda came from Dr. Thos. C. Thornton, of Lewisburg, Union County. This physician is something over seventy years of age, and a son of the Dr. Thornton who had an adventure with the war-like wolves. When in Lewisburg, call to see Dr. Thornton. He lives next house to our friend, Hon. C. K. Sober, and he would be pleased to have you call to see him.

In the late summer or early autumn, about the year 1843, Dr. T. A. H. Thornton was going from Tomhicken Valley, Luzerne County, to Catawissa, Columbia County. At that period there were no wagon roads. The doctor's route was from necessity via

bridle paths and through unbroken forest. He was on horseback. By the most direct route, the distance to his destination, where a sick patient waited, was about eighteen miles. A few days before the doctor made this memorable trip a severe storm of wind and rain had uprooted a large tree which fell across the narrow path he followed in its sinuous course. In attempting to ride around the obstruction the man got off the right road and took a path which led, after several miles had been covered, into a large swamp or bog where great beds of gigantic buck laurel or rhododendrons flourished. In this dismal place the doctor's horse was mired, his legs sinking into the sticky black and wet mud up to the poor creature's belly.

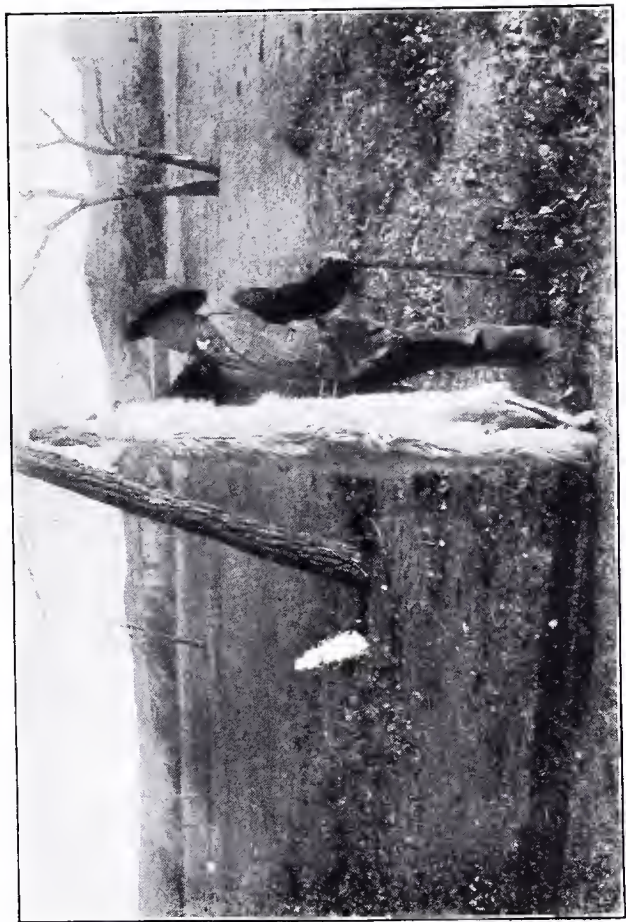
The physician worked several hours to extricate the animal, but failed, and as darkness was approaching the horse was abandoned by the owner after removing the bridle and saddle-bags; the latter were carried on the doctor's shoulders. With this burden, and no food, the man started to walk to his destination, many miles off, and in a direction of which he was uncertain.

About 10 o'clock at night—air cool, stars bright—the hungry wandering man was startled by the distant cries of a pack of gaunt and hungry wolves, which he soon discovered were rapidly following on his trail. Knowing the danger of these fierce brutes, he stopped and at once prepared to defend himself. A stout cane or club was quickly cut and leggin of heavy material was speedily pulled from his trembling leg. On this cloth a quantity of the stronger ammonia water was

poured. There were no nearby drug stores in those days, and physicians compounded the remedies they administered, and they always carried medicines in making professional calls.

Ammonia, then as now, was extensively used in liniments for external applications. The doctor fortunately had in his saddle-bags, with other drugs, a large bottle full of ammonia.

The howling, cruel and bloodthirsty pack of snarling, snapping, vicious beasts, came near the spot where the doctor stood and after stopping for a few minutes, circling around and eyeing their victim with murderous gaze, they began the attack. Luckily for the doctor, he had taken a position where his back and sides were well protected by a ridge of high rocks, and the wolves were obliged to approach in front. They boldly plunged forward, led by a big wolf with sharp, white incisors and foaming mouth. The man stood erect, club in one hand, a heavy clasp knife, with opened blade, between his teeth, and the ammonia filled cloth in his right hand. When the animals came within a few feet, they paused as if to take a final survey of the human being they so confidently hoped to soon tear to shreds and devour. As the beasts paused the man struck at them with the saturated cloth he had prepared. The strong fumes and some of the fluid in nostrils and eyes made the wolves beat a hasty retreat as they slunk off yelping, snorting and coughing. The man continued his journey, wandered for two nights and one day. To eat he had only some berries, bark



White Wolf, Trapped by Bud Dalrymple, Scenic, South Dakota, 1913.

and plants. The wolves pursued him most of the time, but on two or three occasions when they came near he drove them away with the ammonia.

He finally had the good fortune to reach a settlement where he found friends, shelter and food. He was laid up for one week before he reached his home, where it required fully a month for him to recover from the hardships and exposure due to this thrilling and unusual experience."

Wolves were fond of "surrounding" human beings. James Wylie Miller, born April 29, 1838, and now residing at McElhattan, Clinton County, tells of the lumber camp where he worked on Hunt's Run, Cameron County, being surrounded by a huge pack of wolves, which trotted around the building all night long, yelping and howling. That was in the winter of 1857. Philip H. Lamey, born in 1830, tells of his hunting camp near McCall's Dam, on White Deer Creek, being surrounded by a pack of wolves in 1848. They smelled some bacon hanging inside, and the hunters could see the brutes' eyes as they eagerly peered through the cracks in the logs. Emmanuel Harman and companions were surrounded by wolves at a camp on Grove Run, Cameron County, in 1852.

Earl W. Motz, the famous School Boy Hunter of Woodward, Centre County, thus describes the slaying of the last wolf in Penn's Valley, Centre County.

"The last wolf known to have been killed in Eastern Penn's Valley was taken in the late 50's. It was killed at the 'Thomas Hosterman Farm,' about two miles

north of Woodward, and was one of the large black species found in this region at that time.

The wolves, thirteen in number, first appeared in September at the farms in this section. They killed six sheep and wounded a number more the first night. The farmers heard them howl as they went into the woods about daybreak the next morning.

The farmers who lived in the neighborhood, the Hostermans, the Garys, Vonadas and Hinksons, hunted and set traps for the wolves, but were unable to kill any of them. The wolves left in a few weeks and did not return until December of the same year.

About Christmas the pack again came into the valley. They killed a heifer, which had been left in the fields, and devoured a portion of it. Several inches of snow covered the ground at this time, and the farmers tracked the wolves to Hosterman's Gap, and from there east into Pine Creek Hollow. The wolves appeared every night, and all efforts to trap them were in vain. One night two dogs which belonged to the Hostermans followed the wolves and drove them into the woods; there the wolves turned on the dogs and killed one of them and ate about half of its carcass.

The farmers placed the remains of the dog in a tree and the carcass of the heifer on the ground and set traps around the carcass of the heifer. In the morning the heifer was untouched, but the wolves had the snow tramped down under the tree in which the dog was placed in their efforts to get the dog.

At last a trap was set at a place on a small stream

where the wolves always crossed when leaving the valley. The next morning the trap held a mammoth black wolf.

After this one was killed the farmers set out poison and the wolves left immediately and never returned afterward. They were seen later in the winter in Brush Valley.

Although many wolves were seen and tracked since that time, that was the last one killed at the east end of Penn's Valley." Substantially the same story was told to the writer by Charles W. Hosterman, of Woodward, born in 1847.

Abe Simcox, who died at his mountain home on the south slope of "Sugar Valley Hill" in 1909, aged 68 years, killed a number of wolves at the Wolf Rock at the head of Henry Run, in Wayne Township, Clinton County, when he first moved "on the mountain" in 1861. Before his house was completed he lived in a hunting cabin near the "Rock" which was a famous rendezvous for wolves. One night, while at the cabin with Major W. H. Sours, of Pine Station, wolves climbed on the cabin roof, as if trying to get in at the smoked beef hanging on the rafters. With game becoming scarce, the wolves grew desperate. This reminds one of the similar antics of a fox described by the Stuart brothers in Volume II of their entrancing "Lays of the Deer Forest." After the Wayne Township wolves were gone, Simcox, accompanied by Hugh McClure, made several successful wolf trapping excursions to the head of Young Woman's Creek. That

was in 1864 and 1865, after Simcox's return from the Civil War. Simcox's wolf traps are now in the author's collection. The last wolves of Wayne Township were probably killed by Jacob Earon, near his residence in the east end of Nittany Valley, who in 1861 located a wolf's nest in a hollow log on the mountain above Kammerdiner Hollow. He killed the six pups, and returning the next day shot the mother wolf. Emmanuel Harman, of Mt. Zion, born May 25th, 1832, while trout fishing at the head of McElhattan Run, heard wolves howling one night at his camp; it was about 1870. Campbell Herritt, born in 1834, saw a lone wolf on a number of occasions at his home on the Coudersport Pike, in 1856. H. J. Emery, born in 1839, tells of a wolf which plagued the farmers at the mouth of Pine Creek (Lycoming County) just before the Civil War. J. F. Knepley, born in 1837, tells of seeing a wolf near Camp Dodge on Slate Run in 1871, and how he tried to kill it to obtain the pelt as a rug for the wealthy lumberman Norman Dodge. In speaking of the early prevalence of wolves, John Gunsaulus, of Snow Shoe, Centre County, who was born in 1837, relates how his mother used to go out of doors in the winter mornings at their home near the mouth of Rock Run and pound on the side of the house with a slab of wood to make the wolves stop howling. He believes that but for poisoning and forest fires there would still be wolves in Pennsylvania. W. H. Franck, born in 1848, relates that up to 1860 he heard



DAVID A. ZIMMERMAN AND WIFE.
Mr. Zimmerman Drove the Wolves Out of Eastern Sugar Valley.

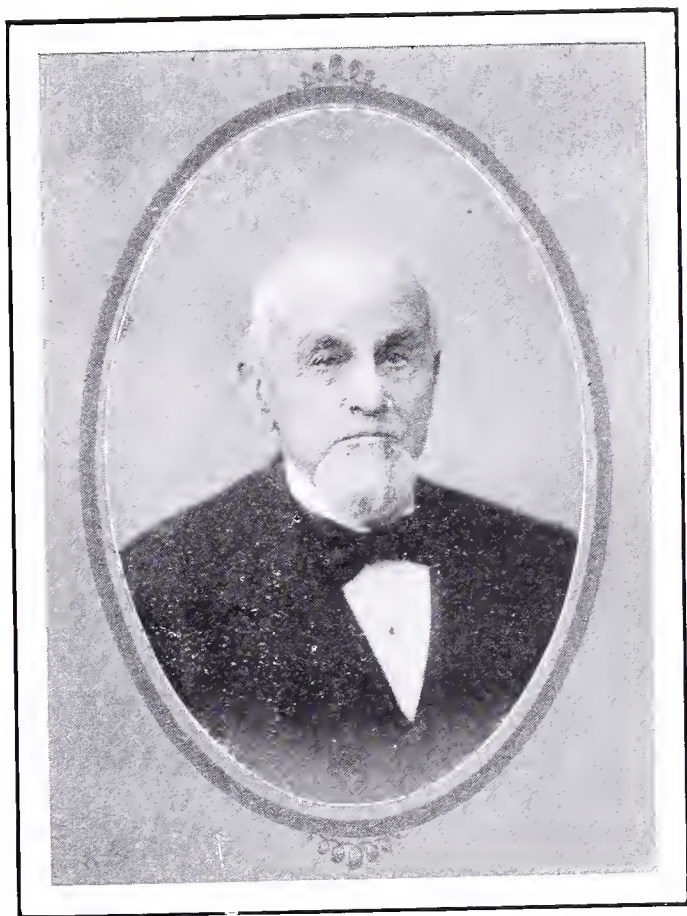
wolves howling as they crossed Sugar Valley on their regular path near Logan Mills. In his boyhood Jacob Franck, grandfather of W. H. Franck, was fond of taking trips to distant parts of the country to explore new game fields. In the winter months he often traveled on snow shoes, but if the skating was good, would skim for miles on skates along the frozen surface of some river. On one occasion he was going up the First Fork of the Sinnemahoning to hunt with Joe Berfield, when night overtook him, but as there was a new moon and skating was good, he continued his way. Suddenly out of the gloom appeared a pack of gaunt wolves, which started to follow him over the slippery ice. Franck was tired; he had skated from the mouth of Scootac that day, but he put on "extra speed," moving so quickly that the wolves could not quite get up to him. He was able to reach "Daddy" Berfield's cabin in safety, where he had the satisfaction of shooting two of the wolves from the landing. Had he been unarmed and fallen, undoubtedly the savage creatures would have attacked him cruelly. In the South Mountain region of Adams, Franklin and Fulton counties wolves disappeared coincident with their passing in other parts of the State. Towards the last, when they became scarce it was always said that they had gone to Maryland and West Virginia where game was more plentiful. In those states the surmise was made that they had "gone North" into Pennsylvania.

VII. THE BIGGEST WOLF.

FROM "Old" Nichols, a respectable Indian well known along the Coudersport Pike, comes the story of the killing of the biggest Pennsylvania wolf. As may be supposed, it was a grey wolf. The slayer was none other than the famous half-breed Jim Jacobson, who, it is claimed, brought to earth one of the last elks in Pennsylvania, and some say the last twelve elks slain in the Commonwealth. But the most remarkable part of the narrative is that this intrepid hunter was but ten years of age at the time of this matchless exploit! The biggest wolf was killed by the "littlest" hunter. Jim Jacobson, or to be more exact, Samuel Jimmerson Jacobson, was born at New Bergen, now Cartee Camp, in Potter County, in 1848. The parental shack stood, it is said, on the site of Charles Schreibner's barn. His father, Jacob Jacobson, was a native of Sweden Hill, not far from Coudersport, while his mother was Mary Jimmerson, daughter of King Jimmerson, a Seneca chieftain, who was said to be a son of Mary Jemison, the justly celebrated "White Woman of the Genesee. Jacob Jacobson was of Swedish extraction, and died in 1852. It was during the month of April, 1858, that the now historic "Spring Blizzard," a snow storm of unprecedented severity, occurred. According to the Clinton County Times, this blizzard occurred in the latter part of April, 1854.

Wild beasts of all kinds were driven from the forests, frantic with hunger. It appeared that the boy's mother had gone to Oleona to spend the day, leaving the future Nimrod in charge of the shanty. The ground was covered with snow, and it was bitterly cold. The lad, who was looking out of the window, noticed a large animal walking about at the edge of the brook. Boldly he came out of the house, as he thought that the creature, to judge from its color, was some one's stray calf. When he got within twenty feet of it he saw, to his dismay, that it was a gigantic grey wolf. He did not falter; turning on his heel, he fled up the slippery bank and into the house, never once looking back. As he turned to slam the heavy plank door he saw that the brute had been at his heels. He had never heard of such conduct on the part of a wild beast, and determined to be avenged. Slamming and bolting the door, he took down his late father's firearm, which hung over a small ferrotype of that worthy gentleman. It was always kept loaded for just such an emergency, and now it had come. Softly opening the window he took aim at the wolf, which stood sniffing at the door-sill. There was a loud report, and the savage beast turned a back somersault into the yard—dead. The tiny boy had shot it through the jugular vein. Tying it up by its hind feet to the clothes-line, he left it until his mother's return. Accompanied by several redskins—among them Old Nichols, Tall Chief and Dr. Johnny Shongo, she reached the shanty about nightfall. Imagine her horror to see the hideous carcass hanging

just inside the crude gate. Jimmy was watching for her, and ran forward, rifle in hand. The Indians were delighted to see that the half-breed boy possessed such courage, and danced and sang with glee. Then the carcass was measured. It was just one inch over six feet from tip to tip, and its estimated weight was 100 pounds. The tail, measured separately, was exactly two feet. The famous "Beaver Dam Wolf," killed in Blair County, in 1907, according to enthusiastic chroniclers, measured less than six feet, and weighed eighty-four pounds. The hide was stretched and cured according to formulas of the redmen and sent as a relic to Ole Bull, who, during his residence near New Bergen, had befriended the Indian widow and her Norse-blooded son. Unfortunately, the great violinist was on a tour when the skin reached New York, and it became lost before he returned to claim it. It is said that he wrote a note of thanks to the lad, which the celebrated hunter preserved to his dying day. This early triumph decided the career of Jim Jacobson. He became a hunter, devoting practically his entire time to the pursuit of big game. Though jealous of his reputation as a Nimrod, he was modest and unobtrusive. But his record as the slayer of a big elk in Potter County and the biggest wolf in Pennsylvania are now pretty firmly established. Edwin Grimes, while hunting in the Kinzua Valley in 1860, with Benjamin Main, killed a record grey wolf. The hide was sold to the veteran wolfer LeRoy Lyman, who pronounced it the biggest he had seen in his long experi-



JACOB QUIGGLE (1821-1911)

A Clinton County Gentleman Who Was Followed to School by
a Brown Wolf in the Old Days.

ence in the forests of Northern Pennsylvania. John C. French, in commenting on the size of the Kinzua Valley wolf, says: "Edwin Grimes, Sam Grimes, and Ben Main agreed that the 'grand-daddy' wolf was at least two inches higher at the shoulder than average wolves, and one inch taller than the largest they had ever seen. Continuing Mr. French said: "The wolf was not measured, but it must have been seven feet long, without the tail. Ben Main, who was 5 feet 8 inches tall, could not swing the carcass free from the ground by taking an ear of the wolf in each hand and lifting the head at arms' length about his own; but Edwin Grimes, who stood 6 feet 2 inches, could just do so." Though most of the wolves taken by Le Roy Lyman were killed prior to 1865, he continued killing a few annually until the end of 1875.

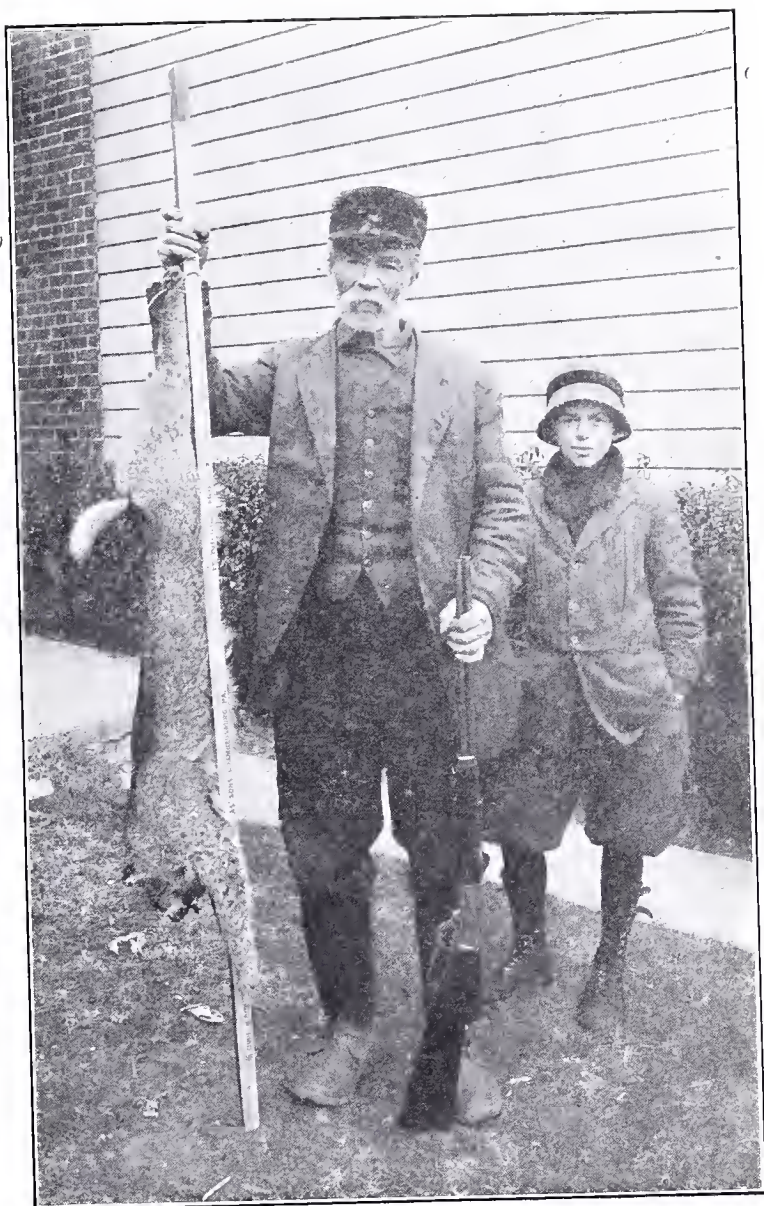


VIII. A WHITE WOLF IN SUGAR VALLEY.

SQUIRE GEORGE WAGNER, who died at his comfortable mountain-top home in Rosecrans, Clinton County, a few years ago, in his 74th year, used to relate an interesting story of a large white wolf which plagued the early inhabitants of Sugar Valley. This animal, because of its unusual color, was shunned by the rest of the pack, being compelled to lead a solitary existence. Its isolated life made it misanthropic and added to its cruelty, for it was the terror of the stockmen for several years. Hunting parties were organized, traps and poisons of all kinds were set out, but it escaped them, creating havoc among sheep and calves. Of course the amount of damage done by it was greatly exaggerated by the old-timers, but that is neither here nor there. One night Philip Shreckengast, an old hunter living near Tylersville, heard a commotion in his barn, and hurrying out reached the door just in time to meet the white wolf emerging, his jaws covered with blood. The aged Nimrod slammed the door on the brute, catching it by the tail. He threw a plough-share against the door and ran to the house for his rifle. By the time he got back the wolf had gone, leaving his bushy tail wedged in the door. Old Shreckengast used the tail for many years as a plume on the cock-horse of his spike team. During his career as a hunter in Sugar Valley Mr. Shreckengast killed ninety-three wolves. After all methods had failed to rid the valley of the white wolf, Jacob Rishel, an old settler, suggested calling the aid of George Wilson, a veteran of the War of 1812, who lived across the Nittany Mountains at McElhattan.

Wilson, who survived to the age of 102 years, had shot several "spook" wolves with silver bullets. On his way to Lock Haven one day Rishel had the good fortune to meet Granny McGill, a reputed witch. This grand old lady of eighty-six years suggested that before calling in Wilson a home remedy be tried. It consisted in securing a black lamb, born in the Fall of the year, in the dark of the moon, and tying it near a spring trap. After much difficulty such a lamb was found in Isaac Cooper's flock, and tied by the trap, at the summit of Tunis Knob, south of Loganton, where the wolf's den was located. The plan worked like a charm the very first time. After devouring the defenseless lamb the white wolf began smelling at the trap, perhaps in search of more good things. It sprang, catching him by the nose. In the morning he was found by the hunters and beaten to death with clubs. John Schrack got the pelt, which served as a hearth rug in his home near Carroll for a long time. Few strangers would believe that it was a wolf's hide. The long white hair and bob tail made it resemble the pelt of an Angora goat. Reuben McCormick, of Penfield, Clearfield County, uncle of J. W. Zimmerman, now in his 89th year, recalls the killing of this white wolf very well. Unfortunately the head was not mounted with the skin, but was set up on a pole above old Mr. Rishel's sheep-fold, like a murderer on London Bridge. It remained there until a heavy wind blew it down, and it was eaten by hogs. Children were afraid to pass the sheep-pen after dark while the wolf's head was on the pole. Truthful youngsters declared that it snapped its jaws and that

its eyes flashed green light on particularly rough nights. No wolves came near the pen while the head was in evidence. A week later a pack pillaged the pen to the tune of ten early lambs. Another report has it that they were stolen by trout fishermen and roasted at an orgy held in the Gotschall Hollow. A female sheep dog owned by a farmer in the east end of the Valley, during the hey-day of the white wolf, gave birth to a litter of tailless white pups. These were immediately put to death, as it was feared that they would bring bad luck. A preacher met the white wolf in the graveyard at Brungard's Church, and the animal ran out of the gate yelping piteously. It acted, the preacher said, like a yellow cur that had had boiling water poured on it, or as one old free-thinker, Dennis Haley, of Robbin's Hollow, put it, "it feared the sky-pilot like the devil would holy water." After it was skinned its flesh was found to be full of scars, the result of conflicts with brown and grey wolves, which hated it as much as did the human residents of the region. Sugar Valley was also plagued with a terrible wolf of great boldness, which resembled the famous "Bete de Gevaudan" of France. John Schrack killed this wolf one night at a sheep-fold near Carroll, where it was unsuccessfully leaping up at a sixteen foot stockade, on the top of which one of its paws, nipped off in a steel trap, was impaled as a "good luck" talisman. Its specialty for a long while was frightening the school children who had to cross the wolf's path or "crossing" which ran north and south through the valley about a mile west of Carroll, on their way to the old red school house.



PHIL. WRIGHT,
Slayer of Wolfish Dogs in the South Mountain Region.

IX. CAUSE OF EXTINCTION.

IT was some satisfaction to the admirers of the wolfish race in Pennsylvania to feel that their disappearance was not entirely due to the hunters. Comparatively few were trapped or shot, as the bounty records will show. Rev. Joseph Doddridge, in his "Notes," ascribes the rapid diminution of wolves in Pennsylvania to hydrophobia. He relates several instances where settlers who were bitten by wolves perished miserably from that terrible disease. Man, however, was directly responsible for their passing out of sight. By destroying their food supply they were compelled to die of starvation or strike for a new country. The prevalence of wolves in McKean County in the late seventies was due to their desire to pass through there to New York State. The open country north of Allegheny and Cattaraugus Counties, in New York, made it impossible for them to reach the Adirondack wilderness, and they congregated in the vast forests of original timber in Potato Creek, where they starved to death and were slaughtered or poisoned. The black wolves of the Seven Mountains made a similar effort to reach the North Woods. David Frantz, a celebrated wolf hunter who lived near Coburn, Centre County, said that in 1898 and 1899 wolf tracks were observed across Penn's Valley, passing in a northerly direction. Wolves were seen and tracked in Brush Val-

ley, Sugar Valley and along the Coudersport Pike in the winters of those years. One or two lingered about Henry Campbell's saw mill, near Haneyville, in the early part of 1898. Hiram Myers quotes John Bilby as saying that wolves were observed near the Stevens Fishery in that vicinity in 1900. Wolves were seen in Penn's Valley in 1900, 1901 and 1902. In 1908 a black wolf was observed traveling south towards the Seven Mountains. How far north these wolves traveled can only be conjectured. Doubtless some of them got as far as the northern border of the Black Forest, there turning back at the vast stretch of arable land ahead of them. Their instinct told them to go north; for some reason they did not travel south. All the native wolves of Southern Pennsylvania were grey, and between these and the black variety existed a marked antipathy. Perhaps they dreaded going south and encountering their old-time foes. In the north there were no native wolves after 1890, and in that respect the way was clear. In the southern counties few native wolves hung on after 1890, but they were constantly reinforced by wanderers from West Virginia and Maryland. Be it as it may, the two or three black wolves which remained were back in the Seven Mountains in 1908, and doubtless died of starvation during the following year. They were probably the same as left that region ten years before, and were therefore very aged specimens at the time of their return. Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in his remarkable treatise on the mammals of the Adirondack region, in speaking of the disappear-

ance of wolves in the North Woods, says: "In the year 1871 New York State put a bounty on their scalps, and it is a most singular coincidence that a great and sudden decrease in their numbers took place about that time. What became of them is a great and, to me, inexplicable mystery, for it is known that but few were slain. There is but one direction in which they could have escaped, and that is through Clinton County into lower Canada. In so doing they would have been obliged to pass around the north end of Lake Champlain and cross the river Richelieu and before reaching the extensive forests would have had to travel long distances through tolerably well-settled portions of country. And there is no evidence that they made any such journey." Doubtless more Adirondack wolves were killed than were born, and, like the wild pigeons which were similarly affected, they had to come to an end. In other words, the old ones all died out about the same year. In Pennsylvania it was starvation and poisoning that wiped out the wolves. In West Virginia wolves disappeared mysteriously about the same time as in New York and Pennsylvania. In the Adirondacks deer were plentiful at the time the wolves disappeared. In Pennsylvania when the black wolves made their ineffectual break for the North, wild life was at its lowest ebb in the Seven Mountains. The bulk of the original pine and hemlock was gone, disastrous forest fires were annually laying waste vast areas, hunters and trappers were everywhere. The active measures of the State Forestry

Department, which checked wasteful fires, and the wise foresight of the Game Commission which enforced game laws on the small lot of wild life which remained, came too late for the wolves. When the remnant returned they were very old and weak, and may all possibly have been of the same sex. C. W. Dickinson says that wolves being cannibals may have had much to do with their decrease. Dan Treaster, one of the noblest of wolf hunters, when asked why he did not enlist outside aid to rid Treaster Valley of wolves, stated: "Destroy their food supply and they will go soon enough." There was ample verification of his prophecy. But the improvident poisoners hurried their passing. However hungry the wolves were, they would have subsisted somehow were it not for the poisoners. Famished from the lack of food, even a poisoned carcass tasted good to them. The wholesale poisoning indulged in by the Griffins and C. W. Dickinson in McKean County in 1878 destroyed all the wolves in that section except a few stragglers and cripples. In other words, the reproducing animals of the packs were gone. So much for that locality. The poisoning bee of the Penn's Valley farmers in 1857 put an end to the black wolves frequenting the east end of that valley. So much for another locality. Robert Askey, grandson of Samuel Askey, the mighty Centre County wolf hunter, told the writer recently that very few wolves comparatively were shot or trapped in the Snow Shoe region. In his boyhood—he was born in 1839—wolves were so prevalent about his home near



EDWIN GRIMES, Born 1830, and son, EDWIN GRIMES, Jr.
This Aged Hunter Has Had Many Thrilling Adventures With
Wolves in the Forests of Northern Pennsylvania.

Wolves Snow Shoe that they approached the buildings every butchering time, howling vociferously. They frequented the ~~old fields~~ and abandoned sugar camps, and could be heard yelling somewhere almost every night. There was an especially heavy snow-fall in the early part of 1859. Thomas Askey, Robert Askey's father, killed an aged horse which he poisoned and dragged on a sled four miles into the forest. A terrific blizzard ensued, which made it impossible for him to visit the carcass for some time. When he did so he found the bodies of a dozen dead wolves near the remains. At a spring a little further on he discovered several more dead wolves, and much vomit, where the stricken animals sought to relieve themselves before drinking the cooling water. There were also tracks leading into the wilderness that could not be followed for the drifts. Apparently the entire pack had tasted the poisoned horse; few if any had escaped. After that no more wolves were seen or heard in Snow Shoe or vicinity. So much for a third locality. If the State were "fine-tooth combed," in every section where wolves disappeared, poisoning would be found to be one of the main causes. A few were shot or trapped, many starved, especially the young died of starvation, the great bulk were carried off by *changed conditions of life*, consisting of absence of forest cover, loss of normal food supply, circumscribed range, and indiscriminate poisoning.

X. WOLF HUNTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

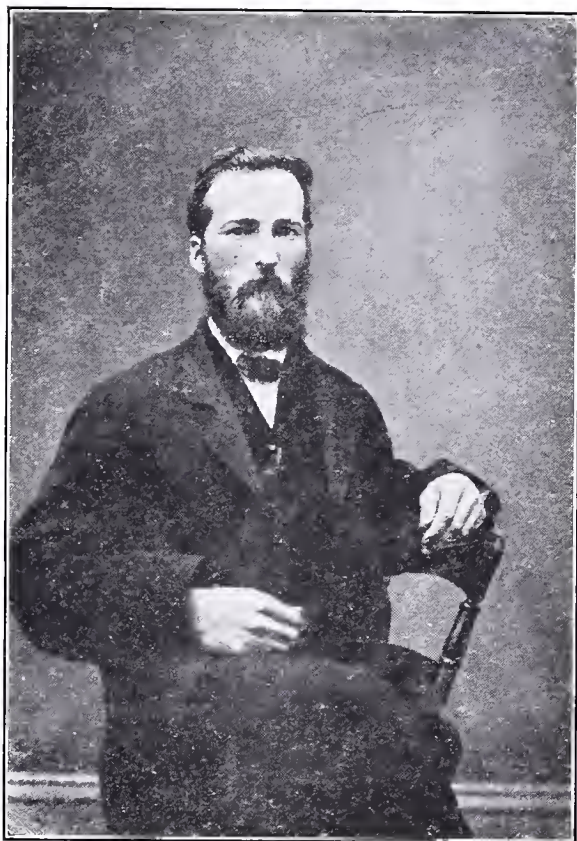
By C. W. Dickinson, Smethport, McKean County,
the Greatest Living Wolf Hunter.

(Reproduced from the Altoona Tribune.)

AS to the killing of the last grey wolf in Pennsylvania, I can only state that I believe the last grey or timber wolf, as they are called in many sections, was killed in McKean County in the latter part of September or fore part of October in 1886. (Charles Ives, one of the party, gives the date as 1888.) Two boys from Bradford came up to Mt. Jewett, a small town along the N. Y. & Erie R. R., about three miles south of the famous Kinzua Viaduct. The boys got off the train at Mt. Jewett, went to the Nelson Hotel, which was kept by a man by the name of W. Wallace Brewer, who, by the way, was an old hunter and trapper here. The boys stated they were going down to the old Beaver Meadows to spend a week in search of big game, and they each wanted to get a pint of whiskey. Mr. Brewer informed them they were too young to get any liquor, and advised them to go back to Bradford, as big game was scarce in that locality, and said he thought they stood as much of a chance to find a gold mine as they did to kill anything larger than a porcupine. The boys were not in a mood to be discouraged; they shouldered their knapsacks and guns and started for the old Beaver Meadows, which

are about a mile and a half from Mt. Jewett, on the Kinzua Creek. When they were about half way to the Meadows they heard a rifle shot up the valley about a mile away. The boys took off their packs to rest a few minutes, and one of them remarked, "Let's keep watch for a few minutes in the direction of the rifle shot, as we may see something coming this way." Just then one said: "What is that coming?" The animal came within about eight rods, jumped on an old log and stopped and looked back toward the point where the rifle report was heard. One of the lads raised his rifle and fired and the game disappeared. The boys went out to see what had become of the animal they had shot at. When they got to the place, there lay some kind of animal, but what it was they did not know, so they shouldered their knapsacks and returned to the hotel, dragging the animal, as they wanted to find out what it was. On reaching the hotel one of the boys called on Mr. Brewer to come out and tell them what kind of an animal they had killed. As soon as Mr. Brewer saw the animal he exclaimed: "Well, well, boys; you have got a prize. You have got a genuine wolf, only he has got but three feet. The left hind foot was missing. But that wolf has got more dead sheep to his credit than any wolf ever had before." Mr. Brewer then told the boys what to do to get the bounty on the wolf, which at that time was \$25. Now, I am sure this was the last grey or timber wolf caught or killed anywhere in this section of Pennsylvania, for all the Potter County or Blair County wolf

stories, which I will explain later on. There is a section of this State which used to be known as the wildcat district, which included Potter County, Cameron County, Clearfield County, Jefferson County, Elk County, Forest County and McKean County, which was the last home and breeding place of the grey wolf. Now, we say grey wolf because this was the only species of wolf we had in that section for the last 100 years, except a few coyotes that were brought into McKean from the western plains. We never had any black or brown wolves in this locality—not for the last 100 years. It is true there was a little difference in the color of some of them; some would be a shade lighter or a shade darker than others, but this variation in color was very small when compared with the medium color. As the lumber trade was carried on more extensively in all of the above named counties except McKean, in which the trade was carried on only in a small way along the Allegheny River and Potato Creek, it left the southern part of this county, the northern part of Cameron county and the northern part of Elk county a virgin forest, only traversed by hunters and trappers. In this section the wolves had their last pow-wow. From 1850 until the last one was killed, the number of sheep killed by wolves will never be known, but the toll was heavy. To give the reader something of an idea of these losses, will state some of my near neighbors' losses. A man who lived within a half mile of my father, wishing to make some of his relatives in the middle Western States a visit, rented



HENRY WISE,
Born 1840, Who Can Recall Stirring Days When the Wolves Used
Their "Crossing" in Sugar Valley.

his farm and stock to a man by the name of C. P. Rice, the stock being ten or twelve head of cattle and about forty sheep, giving Rice possession April 1, 1868. About the 20th of May two wolves came in and killed fourteen sheep for Mr. Rice in one night, and fifteen days later they came back and killed fourteen more, making a loss of twenty-eight sheep. Besides this loss, Mr. Rice lost about one dozen of the orphan lambs, making his total loss about forty sheep and lambs. In 1869, about the 10th of May, wolves came in and killed eleven sheep for C. A. Burdick in a single night. Mr. Burdick's farm adjoined my father's farm on the West side. Five days later the wolves came back and killed the two that they did not get the first night. Mr. Burdick had thirteen ewes and none of them had dropped their lambs yet, so the only way to estimate his loss would be to say he lost all he had. Every farmer that kept sheep had to contribute to "Mr. Wolf." Wolves were very cunning when they killed a farmer's sheep. They would not return to get another meal of the dead sheep, but would make a raid on the live ones. It seemed to be their delight to kill as long as they could find anything to kill. And it looks as if they were afraid to return to the dead animal for fear of getting their toes pinched. This cunning trait of theirs made it extremely difficult to trap them. Nevertheless, from 1865 until the last one was killed we waged a relentless war on them. The winter of 1874-75 was a hummer. The snow was very deep and the mercury went from 30 to 38 degrees below zero many

times. Two brothers, Mike and Dick Griffin, lived in the southern part of Keating Township. They lost a yearling steer. They drew the steer out into the woods and skinned it. One of the men went past the carcass of the steer one day and noticed that a pack of wolves were making nightly visits to the carcass for their meals, as he noticed a well traveled path where they came down from the mountains for their evening meal, and take the same path to the mountains. The men purchased a bottle of strychnine and poisoned the carcass. The wolves returned that night and ate their last meal. They went back into the mountains. The men followed the trail some distance and got discouraged as the snow was very deep. They gave up. They thought the poison no good because it did not kill almost instantly. They found after a while that the poison would kill their neighbor's dogs and even kill crows that fed on that carcass. There is not a doubt in my mind but what that was the last meal any of that bunch ever ate. In June, 1877, the writer found where wolves had killed a deer. It being in a locality where young cattle were liable to feed, making it dangerous to set traps, we decided to use poison. None of the brutes came back after eating one meal of the poisoned meat. In December, 1878, wolves killed six sheep for a neighbor. We tied one of the dead sheep on a hand-sled, drew it back into the woods about one mile, following the trail where the wolves had come in. We poisoned this carcass to kill. In about two weeks we had a severe thaw; the snow all

went off; the ground was as bare as summer time for about two weeks. During this time the wolves came and cleaned up the carcass of that sheep. This was in January, 1879, and since that time the writer has not seen or heard of a wolf track being seen in snow in this part of Pennsylvania, except the two cripples which were both killed in this County later on. In the seventies the writer got the left hind foot of a wolf in a steel trap. The wolf had got the body of the trap over a knot on an old log. As the trap could not turn around the swivel in the chain it was useless and he twisted his foot off at the ankle joint and got away. Now this was the same wolf the two boys killed on the Kinzua Creek in 1886. A man by the name of Albert Goodwin took a fore foot off of a wolf in a bear trap in the fall of 1877. This wolf was caught by Zack Carl in 1881 or 1882, and the only track seen of a grey wolf in this part of the State by any hunter or trapper after Carl caught the one he got, was the tracks of the wolf with a hind foot off. And after the boys killed that one on the Kinzua there has not a single track or sign of a grey wolf been seen in Northwestern Pennsylvania by any hunter or trapper. Now, at the date of the killing of the wolf in 1886, the large piece of forest in this locality starting at Gardeau, on the W. N. Y. & P. R. R., traveling a little south of West to Johnsonburg, was about forty miles; starting at Clermont, in this county, and go in a Southerly direction through this same forest to St. Mary's, in Elk County, the distance is about twenty-five miles. At

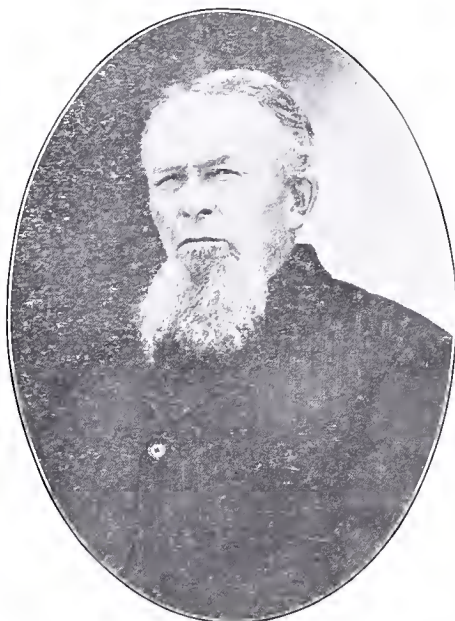
the time of the above dates there were probably two dozen hunters' cabins located at various points in this forest, and they were usually occupied from the latter part of October until December 31st, and none of them ever reported seeing a wolf track after the Fall and fore part of Winter of 1885, and for four or five years prior to 1885 they saw no wolf signs, only of one or the other of these wolves which had a foot off. Now, the writer is certain there was not a single wolf raised in this section in the last thirty-four or thirty-five years. If a pair of wolves had raised a litter of whelps anywhere in this section the damage to the owners of sheep for a radius of thirty miles would have created excitement enough so it would be known for a hundred miles around that neighborhood. As to the Potter County wolf story, we would like to state some facts in regard to this statement. While we remember very well of reading the account of this at the time it happened, we wish to state a few facts in regard to this subject. Col. Noah Parker, an old hunter, who lived at Gardeau in the southeastern part of Norwich Township close to the Potter County line, went to Colorado in 1884 for the express purpose of killing an elk, and when he returned from Colorado he brought home a female coyote. He made a dog house for it and chained it up, as he dare not allow it to run loose. Later on he bred this coyote to a dog he kept and the coyote raised a litter of pups, but they proved to be a lot of thieves. They would kill sheep or poultry and steal all the meat around the premises unless it was

under a lock and key, and in due time they were all killed off for being common thieves. About two months before Mr. Razey caught his wolf, Col. Parker's coyote broke her collar and made her escape. She was seen a number of times before Mr. Razey caught the Potter County "wolf," but never seen after. The wolf that Mr. Razey caught was a female, and as Mr. Razey said it was a small sized wolf he caught, we will bet a bushel of frogs to a pint of cider that the wolf Mr. Razey caught was Col. Parker's escaped coyote. The writer was well acquainted with Mr. Parker and had a number of talks with him about this matter, and Mr. Parker told me that he had talked with Razey about the wolf he caught, and he (Parker) was dead sure that Razey's wolf was his escaped coyote, and as Mr. Parker expressed himself, he said: "I am damned glad that Razey caught that coyote, for I was afraid I would have a bill of damages to pay for her depredations." We both thought that Potter County was better able to pay Mr. Razey the \$25 bounty than to have some poor farmer lose twice that amount in sheep. Now, with due respect to Mr. Razey we must say that we believe that he was honest in his opinion that he had caught a wolf, for the following reason: Take a small size grey wolf and a large coyote and we don't believe that Potter County has got a man today that could tell which one was wolf or coyote. There are only two points to judge from—the coyote is not as strong or heavy through the butt of the jaws, and his tail is two inches or more shorter

than the tail of a grey wolf of the same size. During the latter part of the nineties, a man living in the City of Bradford, had a cage of young coyotes sent him by a friend in one of the Western States. He fixed a pen in his yard, put the five coyotes in it, and, after a couple of years, these coyotes broke jail one night and all made their escape. One of them was killed the next morning in a neighbor's hen house, where he had killed half the poultry in the house. The next they were seen was near Rixford and Duke Center, where two of them were shot while they were killing sheep. The next place the two remaining ones were seen was on the farm of L. J. Gallup, in Liberty Township (which adjoins Potter County). They came into Mr. Gallup's sheep pasture in mid-day and killed a sheep. Mr. Gallup saw them kill the sheep. He took his rifle out and shot one of them; the other one made his escape, and the only thing we have ever heard (until recently) of the lone coyote was an item we saw about seven years ago in the Williamsport Grit, which stated that a wolf had been killed in Blair County, where there had not been a wolf seen for forty years. At the time we read about this Blair County wolf we were of the opinion that if anything like a wolf had been killed in that locality it was the last one of the five coyotes that made their escape in Bradford. We saw an item clipped from the Altoona Tribune of January 21, 1914, giving an account of the killing of the 'Beaver Dam wolf,' and as the writer of that article gave such a glowing account of

the event, we can't see why he should have been so shy about his being known. Now, we challenge Mr. 'County Contributor,' Hollidaysburg, as the writer styled himself, to produce any authority to show where a den of young wolves were raised in the State of Pennsylvania, outside of McKean County, within the last forty-five years. Next, we challenge you to show us a single citizen of Blair County who ever saw a grey wolf outside of a cage in Blair County. Dare you come out and state when or about what time the last bounty was paid on a wolf in your county? Dare you state that you ever saw a grey wolf outside of a cage or a zoo or park in Pennsylvania or anywhere else? Now, Mr. County Contributor, we know that there has not been a single den of young wolves raised within this State in the last thirty-six years. Had that Beaver Dam coyote been a grey wolf, he could not have been less than 29 years old! At that age, would he have had as nice teeth as you saw? Now, Mr. Contributor, will you tell us what is the natural age of a wolf? In your description of the Beaver Dam animal, you could not give any better description of a coyote if you had one to look at. That short, bushy tail you speak of is about the only sure mark that you can rely on to tell a large coyote from a small grey wolf. The old-time hunters in this locality used to call our wolves the "long-tailed hunters." Then, again, you say the people thought this animal was a big grey fox. Just think of that! One of our Pennsylvania wolves is eight or

ten times heavier than a fox. You say a large dog was badly chewed up by this animal. Now, Mr. Contributor, we will wager \$100 that there is not a dog in Blair County that could catch a big Pennsylvania grey wolf in an all-night chase. And we will wager \$100 more that you haven't got any two dogs in the county that can whip one of them. We will put up another \$100 that you have not got a dog in your county that can catch a coyote; and we don't believe you have a dog that can whip a coyote. You say young Mr. Moore saw this animal jumping and snapping at the throats of his father's sheep. Now, Mr. Contributor, if one of our Pennsylvania wolves had made a single snap at a sheep's throat, that sheep would have been a dead one before Mr. Moore could get his revolver out of his pocket, to say nothing about shooting, for one of our wolves would kill a sheep as quickly as a cat could kill a rat. We have seen this trick done, and would say that we were terribly surprised to see how quickly it was done. I have the skin of a coyote which was caught in Cherry County, Nebraska, and if I wanted to fool anybody by misrepresentations, I think I could fool nineteen-twentieths or more of all the people in Central Pennsylvania by showing this skin and saying it was a genuine Pennsylvania wolf, but I have no inclination to deceive or fool any one. The methods of hunting wolves in Pennsylvania are only a few, as the wolf by nature is a night prowler, and here in this heavy wooded mountainous country the most skillful hunter could not make five cents a



DANIEL MARK,

Born 1835, Who Saw the Last Wolf in the White Deer Country,
on the Falsbarg, About 1870.

day hunting wolves, only by hunting for a den where they have their young. The writer only knew of three wolves being shot by hunters while in pursuit of game, unless they were hunting for a wolf den, and then it is not one time in a dozen that the hunter will see one of the old wolves. So you can see the chance of a hunter getting a shot at a wolf is a good way apart and far between. We were acquainted with a good many of the old hunters in four or five counties, and not one in ten of them ever saw a wolf while hunting or trapping, except the wolf was in a trap. Our method of hunting wolves was to train a dog to follow the trail of wolves on bare ground; then, in the month of May, go into a locality where wolves have been killing sheep. If we could get the trail the first morning after the killing the dog would follow the trail nearly as fast as we cared to walk, but if the trail was a day or two old, we might not be able to keep the trail for 100 rods in a whole day. In a case of this kind we could consult our compass and note the course as nearly as possible, provided these wolves traveled in a straight direction, but if they traveled in any direction to hit every every laurel patch or jungle, we dropped that trail quick, for wolves that are rearing young will go as straight to their den, after getting a good meal of mutton, as a bee will fly to his tree after getting all the honey he can carry. If you have a good dog and can get a fresh trail of wolves going to their den, you are sure to find the den, but you may not find a wolf after all, for if the den is in a ledge

of rocks you may not get a single wolf, for when the young get to be six weeks old they are very cunning, and the old ones have been known to leave the locality of their den and not return to that locality for six months or more. And it is seldom they return for three or four weeks. Our method of trapping them around a den is to set a trap in every path that leads to the den. The most successful method the old-time trapper had was path trapping. The best method of trapping for wolves by bait was to throw our bait down in any place in plain sight of some knoll two or three rods away; set a trap on the knoll, for the wolf would go over that knoll a dozen times before he would venture up to the bait. Set no trap nearer the bait than the one on the knoll, but if there should be any old paths near, that is, within fifteen or twenty rods, set a trap in each path. We would not go to these traps oftener than three or four days; then we would go past them just near enough so we could see if they were setting all right—go fifty or a hundred rods and go back on the other side of the valley. Never go to the traps and turn around and go back, for if you do, don't expect to catch a wolf in it. We have never made a great fortune hunting or trapping wolves, but we think we have come as near making wages at it as any man in this section during our time, for we have caught, killed and sold scores of young and old ones besides what we poisoned. We are certain that we put quite a number out of commission, possibly a hundred. Now we hope you won't think

hard of us for using poison on the wolf family. We never used poison to kill any animals only wolves and rats. All the wolf dens we ever found were under big rocks or under a ledge of rocks, but old wolf hunters have told us they found a nest in a hollow log or in under a jamb of timber that the wind had blown down, but the nests or dens we found, most were under big rocks, and one was under a ledge of rocks and the whelps were so cunning we were not able to coax a single one out of that nest, and not one of them came near enough to get into a trap set as far into the hole as we could reach, and I don't believe the old ones ever came back to that place that year. This was in June, 1876. This was the last nest of young wolves that any one knows of in Northwestern Pennsylvania. We don't know how many there were in this litter of whelps, but we know there was a nest of whelps in there, for they barked at my dog, but would not come out so we could see them, but we are certain they got into some hole or crevice where they could not get out. The last wolf I captured and killed was about May 25th, 1878."

The financial side of wolf hunting in Pennsylvania was epitomized by Wolfer Dickinson in the Altoona Tribune, as follows: "As to the price of wolf hides in this part of Pennsylvania in the days of the early settlers, my father often told me that the price of wolf hides from 1830 to 1855 was from \$1 to \$2 for grown wolves. The price varied according to the season of the year the wolf was captured or quantity

of fur on the hide. The wolf was not trapped for what the hide was worth, but for the bounty on his scalp. This bounty law was changed many times. Most of our laws of this character were local laws. There were four or five counties in this locality that had a bounty law passed, \$25 on a wolf and \$12 on a whelp or pup, as they were commonly called. During the first four years this law was in force the trappers caught so many wolves that every man that was not a trapper signed a petition asking the State Legislature to change the bounty on wolves to \$12 on a grown wolf and \$6 on a whelp, on all wolves caught in McKean County, after the passage of said act, and the law was changed to this effect. When this law was passed none of the trappers would try to catch a wolf. The wolves increased so fast that the next Legislature was petitioned to change the wolf bounty to the original amount, which was done. The early settlers in Northern Pennsylvania were mostly very poor, and it put them to their wits' end to get money enough to pay taxes and keep soul and body together. Had it not been for the wild game, the abundance of fish and the small fur-bearing animals, such as 'coon, foxes, marten and mink, all of which were very plenty, four-fifths of the early settlers would have starved out and been forced to leave or die. A true story of some of the early settlers would be an interesting book for the people of this age to read. Some of the fur buyers who traveled through this country in early days that my father told me about were 'Doc' Smith,



HENRY WREN

In War Time Regalia, a Hunter Who Often Matched His Skill
With the Wolves of the White Deer Region, Union County.

a man by the name of Mr. Whittaker, and Mr. Short. The fur-buyers that came through here in my boyhood days were Dr. Neigus, Samuel Major, Mr. Jenkins, L. Y. Miller, Emory Swetland, Henry Hobby and J. M. McIlhenny. I think it is about thirty-four or thirty-five years since we last saw any of the above-named gentlemen. Wonder if any of them are still alive?"

As to the varied causes of the disappearance of wolves in McKean County, Mr. Dickinson adds:

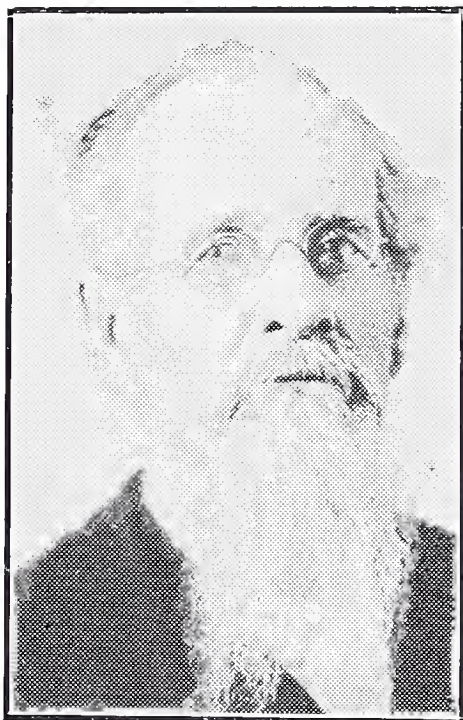
"During the time from 1840 to 1860 there were probably 1,000 deer killed annually in McKean County. Eighty per cent. of this number were killed in November and December of each year. All the internal organs and most of the heads were left in the woods, while half of the hunters left most of the fore parts of the deer they killed, only carrying out just what their own family could use. This left a great abundance of food for wolves, wild cats and foxes to feed on during the rest of the winter and early spring months. This awful slaughter of deer reduced their number to such an extent that during the sixties some of the old hunters predicted that the deer family would become extinct before 1900. They did not realize that taking the supply of food from the wolf was sure to be a great factor in exterminating the wolf family. Many of them during the hard winters starved to death; others were so hungry they would kill and devour a porcupine and get so full of quills or spines it caused their death; while others would kill the weaker members of

their own family. So by taking the food supply from the wolf during the hard winter months his fate was sealed."

As stated by Mr. Dickinson, sometimes the hungry wolves turned on one another. Henry Wise, born in 1840, and a lifelong resident of Sugar Valley, in Clinton County, relates that in the year of the panic of '57, a pack of wolves in crossing the valley turned on one of their fellows near the mouth of Schwenk's Gap and devoured it. This bears out the old French proverb, "*Mauvaise est la saison quand un loup mange l'autre.*" Henry B. Karstetter recalls the wolves crossing Sugar Valley as late as 1859, and their persistent howling when they reached the "Winter Side." Daniel Mark, born in 1835, while out picking huckleberries on the Falsbarg, a high mountain on the watershed of White Deer Creek, saw a wolf, at close range, in the summer of 1870. The sight of it frightened his dogs to silence and he said nothing about it at the time, lest it terrify his women companions. H. J. Schwenk saw this same wolf a few years later. The last wolves in "Wolfland," as the wild region at the head of Weikert Run, in Union County, was called, were killed in 1857, when an intrepid band of hunters, consisting of Bill Pursley (died February 3, 1893, aged 87 years), William Moyer and Jacob F. Barnet, surprised and killed a pack of eleven coal black wolves. Joe Berfield and Henry Mason, the leading wolf hunters of the Sinnemahoning Valley, surprised and wiped out a pack of twelve wolves on Loup Run, now erroneously

called "Loop" Run, in Clearfield County, in 1856. C. W. Dickinson, in speaking of the wolf traps used in Northern Pennsylvania, says: "The best bear and wolf traps used in this section by the old settlers were made by a blacksmith who lived near Elmira, New York. A man named Ames put out a good trap—the Ames trap. The Freeman trap sold by a man in Olean, New York, was a very good trap. I did most of my hunting with the number four Newhouse trap, made by the Oneida Community. I have in my possession three "Elmira" traps over a hundred years old, and good traps yet. I like them better than the Newhouse bear trap, as I never cared for a trap with spikes in the jaw. Few of our country blacksmiths could temper a trap-spring that would stand; they would either bend or break." Some of the wolf traps made and dated by John Hoffman, of Loyalsockville, nearly a century ago, were still in use in the White Deer Mountains as fox traps during the past winter (1915-1916). Taenchels or animal drives, called in Pennsylvania "Ring Hunts," with a special view of ridding sections of country of wolves, were practiced by the Pennsylvania pioneers. The hunters formed a vast circle, and at the sound of a bugle, or the ringing of dinner bells, closed in towards the centre, where the surrounded animals were shot to death by expert riflemen. Sometimes the lines wavered and the intended victims made good their escape. The last "Ring Hunt" for wolves in Susquehanna County was held in 1834. An unsuccessful "Ring Hunt" was

held near Beech Creek, Clinton County, in 1849. A "Ring Hunt" was held in Tioga County in 1818. One took place in Snyder County, led by "Black Jack" Schwartz, "The Wild Hunter of the Juniata," in 1760, in which 109 wolves were slain. Settlers on the Blue Mountain and Second Mountain held a "drive" which centered in the Cranberry Bog on the Berks and Schuylkill County line, in 1830, as a result of which fourteen wolves paid the death penalty. About that same year a "Ring Hunt" was held by farmers in Crawford County. The last wolf in Sugar Valley, mentioned as having been seen by Daniel Mark in 1870, lingered on about his favorite haunts for quite a few years longer. J. D. Eckel, while on a hunting expedition in 1875, with William Beck, an old hunter, crossed the mountain on the north side of the valley by way of the Karstetter Path, when, on the north slope of the mountain, about fifty steps from the summit, they noticed a large grey wolf standing on the path in front of them. Beck, who knew the wolf well, declared that it was the last of its race left in Sugar Valley. Mr. Eckel described it as about the size of a full-grown shepherd dog, with stiff ears, and a greyish black in color. When Dan Treaster, for whom Treaster Valley, Mifflin County, formerly Black Wolf Valley, was named, was living in the little valley also known as Treaster Valley in Centre County; his cabin was frequently surrounded by wolves at night. On more than one occasion, when, with his wife, he went to the log



JAMES WYLIE MILLER,

Born 1838,

Who, as a Boy of Twelve Years, Carried a Live Trapped Wolf
Two Miles to His Uncle's Home in Cameron County.

A Modern Prototype of the Spartan Youth.

barn to feed the stock, they were surrounded by the howling pack and marooned in the stable all night. This historic old structure is still standing. J. L. Eckel, a noted surveyor in Sugar Valley, Clinton County, in the old days, and father of J. D. Eckel mentioned above, often related how he was compelled to keep his campfire burning brightly all night in Sugar Camp Gap to prevent the packs of howling wolves from coming too close to his sleeping quarters. In the Pennsylvania forests, especially those in the Northern and Northwestern counties, are many isolated rocks, known as "elk rocks." On these huge detached boulders the elks held the attacking packs of wolves at bay. Colonel Noah Parker has vividly described finding the skeletons of wolves about these rocks, showing the elks' victories in these conflicts, but sometimes he came across the bones of the antlered monarchs lying among the skeletons of wolves, showing that both the attacked and the attackers paid the death penalty. Nick Montarsi, a popular young Italian, residing in Clinton County, who formerly acted as a "Butteri," or cowboy, on the Italian Campagna, says that the reason the big white woolly Italian wolf dogs, which are themselves partly wolf, wear collars covered with sharp iron spikes is that when the wolves attempt to catch them by the throat, their jaws are lacerated by the spikes, and in their agony they are driven away by the wolf dogs, thus protecting the flocks and herds from their fierce foes.

The celebrated Ethan Allen Crawford, born in 1792, thus described the method used by the wolves in the White Mountains of New Hampshire in devouring a sheep: "They generally took no more than they wanted at a time. They select the finest and fattest, and on him perform a curious act in butchering. We have found, after they have visited the flocks, a skin perfectly whole, turned flesh side out, with no other mark upon it, excepting the throat, where there was a regular slit cut, as though it had been cut with a knife, down as far as the forelegs; the flesh all eaten out and the legs taken off, down as far as the lowest joint; the head and back bone left attached to it; the pelt left in the field, but a few rods from the house; they would sometimes set up a howling, and a more terrific and dismal noise I never wish to hear than this, in a clear still night. Their sound would echo from one hill to another, and it would seem that the woods were filled and alive with them." Crawford kept a pet wolf, the antics of which are told of graphically in his wife's book, "History of the White Mountains." The wolf was so tame that it rode on the box seat of a stage-coach alongside of the driver from Colebrook to Lancaster, in the "Granite State." A ring hunt held in the Sandwich Range, in that state, in 1830, resulted in the death of four wolves. The rest of the pack "broke through" and escaped into the forests.

XI. POSSIBLE RE-INTRODUCTION.

FROM the number of hunters who took out licenses in 1916—upwards of three hundred thousand—it would seem that they formed an important part of the population of Pennsylvania. When it is considered how small a return they received for their efforts, their spirit and enthusiasm for the chase seems all the more commendable. Despite the valiant efforts of Dr. Kalbfus, there was very little found to kill during the various “open seasons” which came to an end on the first days of 1914, 1915 and 1916. It is to be doubted if two thousand deer were killed in the entire Commonwealth during these three seasons. With such meagre results the time is bound to be at hand when a strong demand will be made to re-stock the forests with game worthy of the name. Civilized men are beginning to find that killing rabbits, quails and squirrels is little better than a barnyard slaughter, that they do not furnish the excitement expected. Intelligent hunters read of struggles with wolves and mountain lions, of coyote coursing, and dispatching grizzlies in the West, and compare it to the feeble pastime of slaying a few mangey rabbits at home, to the disparagement of the home sport. A strong demand will be made to stock the Pennsylvania wilds, not with more rabbits, quails, ring-neck pheasants and squirrels, but with savage beasts, such as panthers, red bears and

wolves. Deer and elk are here already, but without the so-called predatory beasts to harass them, they are sure to deteriorate. Wolf and panther hunting can be made the royal sport of Pennsylvania. Wolves, unmolested, except at certain seasons, could soon make themselves at home, and would prove a great benefit alike to sportsmen and to the game animals and birds. As far as damage to sheep is concerned, it would be less than is now done by dogs. As to the best variety of wolf to introduce, the Black Wolf seems to have been able to adjust itself to conditions; it was the last to be exterminated. As far as known, the Eastern black wolf is now extinct. The Western timber wolf requires a wider range than Pennsylvania could afford. The grey Pennsylvania wolf is gone, but its congeners in the West Virginia wilds might be introduced with advantage. The brown Pennsylvania wolf is probably extinct, as its relatives in North Carolina and Tennessee has been recently killed to the last specimen by professional hunters. The Western coyote might adapt itself, and could be introduced if no other varieties were available. This animal, as already stated, resembles the Pennsylvania brown wolf in many respects. It affords sport wherever it is known, and is hardy, is game and resourceful. However, it is too prone to degenerate into a mere poultry thief to make its introduction popular. The methods of the old Pennsylvania bounty hunters would not be used by the sportsmen of the future. These included trapping, snaring, pitfalls and poisoning. The wolf hunting as



MRS. CAROLINE LANKS (Born 1836)
"The Little Red Riding Hood of the West Branch."

practiced in Ireland in the eighteenth century, and in France today, would be best suited to present-day needs in the Keystone State. Years ago in England the open season for hunting wolves was between December 25 and March 25. It furnished ideal "Christmas" sport. A wolf hunt in France is described as follows: "An open spot is generally chosen at some distance from the great coverts where the wolves were known to lie, and here, in concealment, a brace—sometimes two brace—of wolf hounds were placed. A horse was killed and the fore-quarters were trailed through the paths and ways in the wood during the previous day, and back to where the carcass lay, and there they were left. When night approached, out came the wolves, and, having struck the scent, they followed it until they found the dead horse, when, of course, they began to feed on the flesh, and early in the morning, just before day-break, the hunters placed their dogs so as to prevent the wolves from returning to cover. When a wolf came to the spot, the man in charge of the wolf-hounds suffered him to pass by the first, but the last were let slip full in his face, and at the same instant the others were let slip also; the first staying him ever so little, he was sure to be attacked on all sides at once, and therefore the more easily taken." This is similar to the methods followed by the Grand Dukes at Gatchina, in Russia. This aptly portrays a sport of the future for Pennsylvania gentlemen. Could anything be more blood-curdling or inspiring? In Ireland the wealthy gentry hunted

wolves on horse-back. The animals were baited to come into the open, and then mounted men and wolf-hounds made after them, the effort being put forth to prevent them from getting back to cover. The huntsmen were armed with spears, and pinioned the fierce beasts to the earth from their galloping steeds. In our Western States, coyotes, and occasionally timber wolves, are coursed on the open plains by Russian wolf-hounds, followed by mounted hunters. The wolves, if run down, are killed by the pack of dogs or else shot by the hunters. This is often done on the Russian Steppes, by a stronger race of wolf-hounds than has been developed as yet in the United States. In an effort to arouse interest in a better type of wolf dogs, the writer of these pages offered two special prizes at the Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, held in New York in February, 1914, for Russian wolf-hounds which had actually coursed wolves, or were kept for this purpose in a wolf country. At present the Irish wolf-hound looks to be more capable of running down wolves than the Russian variety, which is called the Borzoi. The breeding and sale of wolf dogs would add greatly to the income of Pennsylvania mountaineers. A comparison of the different varieties of wolf dogs can be gleaned from the following, which is quoted from the New York "World": "Several years ago General Roger Williams, of Lexington, Ky., was a judge in a wolf hunting contest in Colorado, in which Russian wolf-hounds and Scotch deer-hounds contested. Under the stipu-

lations only two dogs could be turned loose on one wolf. Among the Russian dogs was one which had won the gold medals in a wolf-killing contest at St. Petersburg, offered by the Czar, and his owner claimed that he could kill any American wolf. But the Russian dogs failed, so did the Scotch dogs. One of the latter quit fighting for a moment and its owner pulled a revolver and shot the dog dead, saying he would not have a dog which would quit fighting." A letter from California states that Russian wolf-hounds are a failure on ranches where they have been installed for the purpose of killing coyotes and wolves, and do as much damage to live stock as the wolves. The writer of this article is a lover of the Russian wolf-hound, and has bred the dogs since 1906. But he believes the race will have to be strengthened by actual contact with wolves, or it will deteriorate into a mere showy house-pet. In 1908 he obtained two coyotes and a Bosnian wolf for a chase at McElhattan, Clinton County. The wolf-hounds did not seem inclined to course the animals, so the chase was never held. The coyotes are now in the Reading Zoo, and the wolf was sold to a traveling showman. According to the newspapers this animal broke out of the wagon somewhere near Rochester, N. Y., bit a cow which was pasturing peacefully by the road side, and also frightened a little girl. The Russian wolf-hound is a beautiful and intelligent animal, and has been justly called the "aristocrat of the dog kingdom." Perhaps a cross between this breed and the Irish wolf-

hound would produce the right sort for Pennsylvania wolf hunting. With all these prospects there is a glorious vista ahead for dog-lovers and true sportsmen, if only we can get the right kind of wolves again! We will quote an old Irish poem about a celebrated wolf hunter named McDermot, who was once the terror of the wolves of Munster:

“It happened on a day with horn and hounds,
A baron gallop’t through McDermot’s grounds.
Well hors’d, pursuing o’er the dusty plain
A wolf that sought the neighboring woods to gain.

“Mac hears th’ alarm, and with his oaken spear,
Joins in the chase, and runs before the peer,
Outstrips the huntsman, dogs and panting steeds,
And struck by him the falling savage bleeds.”

Myriads of associations have been formed to protect song birds and other lesser creatures. Better still would be an organization of red-blooded men to protect the wolf. But let it be clearly understood that this would not include cases where the wolf has lately gotten into cattle countries and subsists on a diet “unauthorized” by nature. Only in cases where the wolf resides in a region, uninhabited except by wild beasts, and is pursuing the tenor of his way, upholding nature’s balance and adding to the picturesqueness of the wilderness, should he be protected. And then he should be safeguarded from extinction in every possible manner. Bounty hunters and others who misrepresent him should be kept away and this noble relic of a grander and primitive age preserved for a



MRS. SOPHIA BROWN SCHWENK AND HUSBAND
(late Sharon Schwenk). Mrs. Schwenk, as a Young Girl,
Had Many Adventures on the Wolf's Path in
Sugar Valley.

more discerning future generation. A day will come—and not more than two generations off—when all of God's wonderful creations will be appreciated in their proper places, and only disgust felt for the reckless and merciless generations who thoughtlessly and selfishly wiped out our wild life, especially in Pennsylvania. In Stuart Brothers' "Lays of the Deer Forest" it is stated: "In ancient hunting, the beasts of sport were divided into three classes: Venerie, Chase and Rascal. The first were, the hare, the hart, the *wolf*, and the wild boar. The second, the fallow-deer, the fox, the marten, and the wild boar. The last, the gre, or badger, the wild-cat, the otter, and any beasts not belonging to the first two classes." Thus it will be seen that the wolf ranked as sport-royal, and in early times was strictly preserved to be hunted by kings. Today this noble beast, which was once the sport of monarchs, stands in imminent danger of extinction by cheap bounty hunters, mercenary trappers and poisoners. According to the Indians and the early settlers in the Pennsylvania mountains, there existed on very rare occasions a certain kind of weather called "Wolf Days"—cool days with very bright sunshine, and occasional dark shadows, with brisk northwest winds—days when trees, bushes, grasses, and water were always in motion—on such days the wolves sallied forth, the sunlight, with patches of shadow, and all nature restless, blended with their striped, mottled or shadowy coats as protective coloring, making them in broad daylight practically invisible. On all other days,

except when ravenous with hunger and desperate, they remained near their rocks or dens in the deep forests, going abroad at night to howl at the imperturbable moon or forage on inert game or peaceful flocks. The swift, and sometimes contrary, breezes of the "Wolf Days" bewildered the sense of smell in many dogs, with the result that the wolves with a sly look in their dark eyes would dart by the unwary canines, or spring over a fence into a barnyard, killing a sheep while the farmer milked his cows only a few feet away. While deer in fenced enclosures or "preserves" are sure to deteriorate without the predatory animals to keep them from succumbing to what Charles John Andersson called "inanition," which manifests itself in barrenness and proneness to disease, it would be a foolhardy procedure to place wolves in "parks." The wolves would "corner" the deer at the fences, killing them down to the last one, thereby leaving none for the human hunters. However, in the open, predatory animals are necessary adjuncts and assets to the game. Game animals, particularly elk and deer, must be kept moving, ever on the alert, to be worthy of the name of game. If their enemies are removed, they soon degenerate to the level of domestic cattle, lose their fine heads, (unless specially fed) decrease in size, and in the end become prey to all manner of pestilences. Nature's methods, and Nature's methods alone, which includes the existence of wolves, makes for the continuance of a fine, virile, speedy race of deer. On the other hand, foxes, wild-

cats, minks and weasels should be allowed ingress to preserves inhabited by game birds, as these animals prey on rats, mice and other pests which are apt to become overly numerous and destroy the eggs and young of grouse, pheasants and quails. For the same reason hawks and owls should be rigorously protected. If the wolf *per se* cannot be re-introduced in Pennsylvania, he can be *bred back*. The German police dogs, so plentiful in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, are almost *wolves*; a few generations of wild life and freedom in the mountains would make them *wolves* in every sense of the word.



XII. SUPERSTITIONS.

IN Old-World countries the wolf was the origin of many weird legends and tales. In the Northern mythology it is stated that the giantess Sugerboda bore wolves to Loke, *den Onde*, or the Wicked God:

“Eastward, in the forest of iron,
Sat the Evil One,
And there begat
The young wolves.”

Likewise, the wolf of Pennsylvania gave rise to its share of superstitions. Although only known to residents of the Commonwealth for two centuries, it left an impress that will last for the next five hundred years. Some of the old legends, however, have a tendency to die out with the passing of the aged people, the younger generations evincing little desire to hand them down. There being few open fire places left to cluster about on cold winter nights, family storytelling is fast becoming a lost accomplishment. Furthermore, unimaginative persons object to the hearing or telling of stories the absolute truth of which cannot be vouched for. Faith is unthinkable to such practical individuals. Fortunately some few of the older stories are still in existence, and several new ones have cropped up during the past quarter of a century. Of these last named the most celebrated is the one which the writer of this article related in his volume of legends, “Pennsylvania Mountain Stories,” in Chapter



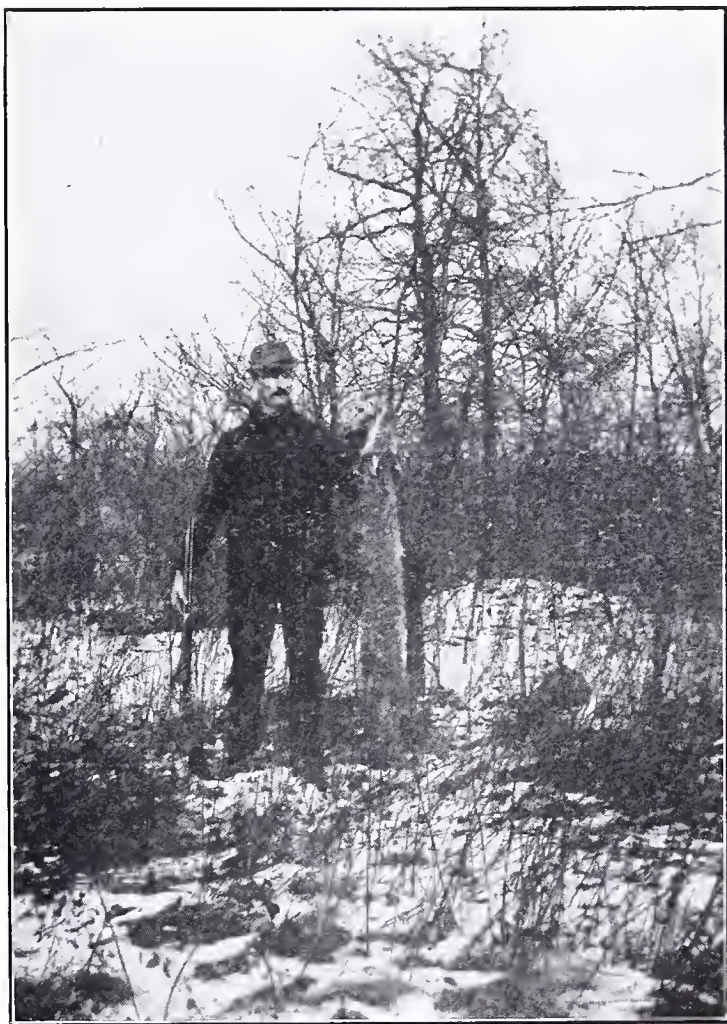
DR. J. H. KALBFUS,
Famous Pennsylvania Game Commissioner, Who Encountered
Wolves in Northern Lycoming County In 1859.

XIX, called "The Black Wolf of Oak Valley." As the story in question happened within the past twenty years, it was found necessary to alter and disguise names of persons and places. Still there are many who will penetrate this veil and can gather more information upon the subject if interested. It appears that a notorious mountain character, who was "wanted" by the authorities on several charges, barricaded himself in his log cabin home, resisting arrest. The house was set on fire, but rather than fall into the hands of his enemies the fellow cut his throat and fell back into the flames. Shortly after this a black wolf was noticed running in and out of the oak-wood where he was buried. Hunting parties were organized, but the wolf, despite its boldness, could not be shot. A reputed witch was appealed to, who advised that the outlaw's body be taken from the oak grove and interred in the cemetery of a religious denomination, beside the grave of his mother. This was done, and the black wolf was seen no more. Going back a hundred years, there is the story of Mrs. Mike McClure, of Wayne Township, Clinton County. This estimable woman had gone to a neighbor's to borrow a Dutch oven. Having secured it, and on her way home, she stopped to talk with a friend, Mrs. Jake Simcox, who resided on the bank of the river. She heard a scraping sound by her side, and looking around saw the head of a brown wolf appearing from a pile of rocks. Quick as a flash she seized the Dutch oven, which had on the top an iron circular handle, and bringing it down

crushed the wolf's skull. She carried the carcass home, where her husband skinned it, and it was used to cover their infant, which was then in its cradle. So much for that story. Compare it to the following, which is quoted word for word from James E. Harting's well known account of the wolves of Scotland in "Extinct British Animals:" "Another story is on record of a wolf killed by a woman of Cre-Cebhan, near Strui, on the North Side of the Strath Glass. She had gone to Strui to borrow a girdle (a thick, circular plate of iron, with an iron loop handle at one side for lifting, and used for baking bread). Having procured it, and being on her way home, she sat down upon an old cairn to rest and gossip with a neighbor, when suddenly a scraping of stones and rustling of leaves were heard, and the head of a wolf protruded from a crevice at her side. Instead of fleeing in alarm, however, she dealt him such a blow on the skull with the full swing of her iron discus, that it brained him on the stone which served for his emerging head." This emphasizes the words of the late Andrew Lang, which were somewhat like this: "Superstitions are very much the same, despite varying climes and creeds." This story is probably centuries old, and similar occurrences have revived its details in the minds of the old people. Near the scene of this adventure, about 1835, a pack of wolves drove a flock of sheep belonging to James Williams on the ice which covered the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, and the animals slipped, and falling were easy

victims to their wolfish foes. Another "were-wolf" of Central Pennsylvania also had its haunt in Wayne Township. George Wilson long suspected that a certain woman in his neighborhood was a witch, and went about in wolfish form at nightfall. One evening at dusk he saw the wolf, which was of extraordinary size and brown in color, crossing a field back of his cabin. He quickly loaded his rifle with a silver bullet, and made after the intruder. Taking careful aim, he fired, but the darkness was too far advanced to make his aim accurate, although he was a famous marksman. He struck the animal in the left fore-leg, and it disappeared into the forest at the foot of lower Bald Eagle Mountain (the Sugar Valley Hill) howling piteously. He had barely gotten into his house, when the supposed witch rushed into the cabin of a settler, who lived about a mile away, with her left arm broken above the wrist. The arm was put in splints, but it never became straight again. It is interesting to note that in the Seven Mountains the ghost wolves were always black; in the West Branch Valley brown, and in the Northern part of the State grey, showing the influence of the prevailing type on the imagination. The old people in the Seven Mountains declared that the Black Wolf's yowl said plainly: "Dead Indian, Dead Indian, where, where, where!" It was supposed to indicate the proximity of Indian graves containing treasure. It was an unvarying custom with the first settlers in Sugar Valley to have a wolf's paw nailed over the door of sheep pen or stable, for good luck.

It was claimed to mean long life if one met a wolf in the forenoon. Judge D. C. Henning, in his entrancing "Tales of the Blue Mountains" (published at Pottsville in 1899), quotes an old lady as follows: "When I was a child there were still remaining in these (the Blue) mountains a remnant of the large droves of wolves that were wont to infest these forests in earlier times. It was said that their numbers were reduced far more greatly from disease contracted from devouring the diseased carcasses of dead horses returned from the wars of the Revolution and 1812 than from any other cause. However, as the wolf family grew smaller he became more mystical and had imparted to him attributes which he never possessed in reality. Because of his marauding and ruthless nature he was more to be feared than the catamount or panther, as these had their regular haunts, where their presence might be always known; but the wolf was a tramp, and might be ever present, especially in the night time. He was invested with wonderful and mysterious powers. He could cause the cows to refuse to milk. He could lead the swine astray, and he seemed at all times to be in league with the evil one. He was said to be presided over by an analagous king, the great seven-horned beast, part wolf, part bear, and part panther, but larger than any of these." As to the wolves in the Blue Mountains, George Potts, an old soldier residing near Bethel (Millersburg), in Berks County, says that there were still a few wolves in the Blue Mountains when he returned from the



AMASA B. WINCHESTER
With a Stray Coyote Which He Killed in Clinton County
December 16, 1915.

Civil War, in 1864, and that they were prevalent in large numbers when he was a boy, over sixty-five years ago. D. C. Ney, of Jonestown, Lebanon County, states that his uncle, Thomas Ney, killed wolves in Indiantown Gap subsequent to 1840, that the wolves maintained a path along the summit of the Second Mountain as far west as the Susquehanna, thence into the wilds of Clarks' Valley. Daniel Long, still living in Shubert's Gap, near Millersburg, killed a wolf near his home in 1886. It came to his farmstead at butchering time, making friends with an unsexed female dog. The dog followed the wolf to the mountain, and returning with it several days later the "fleet by night" was shot by Long, who lay in ambush for it. The hide, which Long says was black in color, was made into a rug, and is said to be in Reading at the present time. This was undoubtedly the last wolf killed east of the Blue Mountains, and was possibly a straggler from the Seven Mountains. John Simcox, son of the wolf hunter, Abe Simcox, while working at a prop-timber job at the head of Kammerdiner Run, in Clinton County, in 1900, observed a black wolf which came to the camp every evening for two weeks and played with a collie dog belonging to the camp boss. In 1901 John Simcox and his brother Torrence saw three wolves near the Wolf Rock on Henry Run. The wolves, after resting on the rock, disappeared across the run and up the steep slope of Sugar Valley Hill, where wolves had many dens in an early day. Wolves came close to John D. Decker's home in Decker Valley

in the heart of the Seven Mountains as late as 1870, seemingly seeking to lure the dogs into the forests. They howled nightly on the ridges north of the Decker home. Elizabeth C. Wright, in that entertaining book, "Lichen Tufts from the Alleghanies," published in 1860, speaks of stag's horns often becoming entangled in dense thickets of "buck laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*)" on Kinzua Run, and the deer being held there until killed by wolves. In Sugar Valley, as previously stated, a wolf's paw was a "good luck" sign, and when no longer obtainable, bear's paws and even wild turkey's claws were nailed on the barns. A wolf's head was considered even more lucky, and old-timers remember these talismans on barns along the highways in Sugar Valley and Brush Valley. In Angelo de Gubernatis' "Mythologie Zoologique," Volume II, page 155, it is stated "*En Sicile, on Croit qu'une tete de loup augmente le courage de celui qui s'en revet. Dans la province de Girgenti, on fait des souliers de peau de loup aux enfants que les parents veulent rendre forts, braves, et belliqueux.*" Old settlers in Sugar Valley state that Indian children passing through the valley with their parents were similarly equipped. J. W. Zimmerman, son of the famous hunter, David A. Zimmerman, relates an interesting incident connected with the last wolves in the East End of Sugar Valley. About 1847 the old Nimrod destroyed a wolf's den in Green's Gap, consisting of a she-wolf and a half dozen pups, but the dog-wolf escaped. One wintry night, after Zimmerman and his

bride had retired, a wolf's yowling was heard outside the log cabin, which stood near Tea Springs. Still lying in bed, the hunter picked up his rifle, and, firing through the open window, hit and killed the brute as he stood in the centre of the clearing, in the moonlight, barking his defiance at the destroyers of his family. J. R. Ramsey, of Treaster Valley, Mifflin County, relates how when his grandfather was a boy, about eighty years ago, and courting the girl whom he afterwards married, he was followed one night by several black wolves. They pressed him so closely for such a long distance that he determined to ward them off in some way. Backing up against a large tree he began throwing pieces of meat at the brutes from a basket which he carried. When it was all gone, the wolves made a closer approach, and not knowing what else to do, he picked up a stone, and began striking it against the blade of a scythe, which he was also carrying. As soon as he began this the wolves all ran away, as if scared out of their wits. The woodsman said, disgusted: "The plague take you all. If I had known you liked that sound so well, you should have had it before dinner." This anecdote is strikingly like one of a soldier in Ireland, mentioned by Harting, in his "Extinct British Animals." It appeared that a military man, who was on his way to take passage for England, had to pass through a wood, and, being weary, sat down under a tree, opening his knapsack, which contained some victuals, and commenced to eat. Suddenly he was surprised by several wolves, which were

coming towards him; he threw them some scraps of bread and cheese until it was all gone. The wolves made a closer approach to him, and he knew not what to do, so he took a pair of bagpipes which he had, and as soon as he began to play upon them, all the wolves ran away as if they had been scared out of their wits. The soldier, disgusted, cried out: "A pox take you all. If I had known you loved music so well, you should have had it before dinner." Hollister in his great "History of the Lackawanna Valley," tells of a pioneer in Leggett's Gap who in traveling through the forests dragged an old saw-mill saw after him over the rocky trails; the sounds effectually keeping away the packs of wolves which formerly troubled him. This author also tells of a woman, Mrs. Nokes, who was "treed" for an entire night by a pack of wolves. He names Elias Scott as the most noted wolf hunter of the valley. The sprightly and courageous Dorcas Holt, of near Lewistown, is said to have poked the barrel of a rifle down the throat of a wolf which had the impertinence to look in at the window where she sat sewing. At the present time no skull, bone, hide or tail of any Pennsylvania wolf is known to be in existence. During the prevalence of these animals no one had the foresight to collect specimens for the museums, probably as the extinction of the species was not deemed imminent. But the poisoners hastened the end *canis lupus*; though skulls and hides were probably in existence at remote farmhouses for twenty years after this general disappearance. The



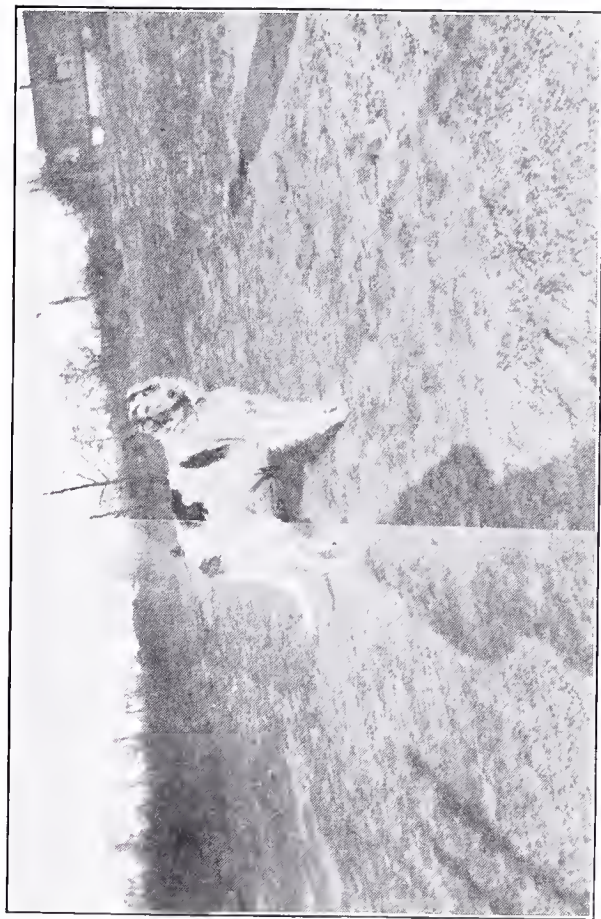
BLACK WOLF (*Canis Lycaon*)
The Last Variety of the Wolf Tribe to Linger in Pennsylvania.

hide of the wolf killed by Dan Long, in the Blue Mountains in 1886, was made into a rug, after the proud Nimrod had collected a twelve dollar bounty on the scalp at Reading. It was loaned to relatives of the hunter's wife who resided at Bethel (Millersburg). There it was much admired for a number of years. Later it was taken to Reading, where it is said to be at present, and a strenuous search might locate it. In the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg is the mounted hide of the "coyote" killed at Beaver Dams, in Blair County, in 1907. There is a bare possibility that it is a real "brown wolf" of Central Pennsylvania, that is, if the prairie wolf and the "small brown wolf of Pennsylvania" are identical. C. S. Van Near, of Somerset, Somerset County, had until recently the hide of a grey timber wolf killed in the mountains of that county in 1897 by an old hunter named John Queer. But there is considerable doubt if it was a genuine Pennsylvania wolf, or a western wolf liberated or escaped in Pennsylvania. The hides of the wolfish dogs brought to M. W. Straley at Chambersburg are probably still in existence, the male in the author's collection, the female in Mr. Straley's collection. The complete hide of a black wolf is said to be preserved in the attic of a farm house in High Valley, Centre County. A black wolf's skull is said to be in the "upstairs" of a hog pen at a farm on the "Winter Side" of Sugar Valley, near Chadwick's Gap. A wolf's paw was preserved at a farmhouse in Penn's Valley, near the Fox Gap. The Pennsylvania Indians possessed a small dog, described

by Dr. B. S. Barton as being "a cross between the wolf and fox, or wolf and some other species of dog." Later he mentions that the Six Nations had the breed in a pure state as late as 1805. The Lenni Lanape called it the *Lenni-Chum*, or "the original beast." S. N. Rhoads quotes Dr. Daniel G. Brinton as saying that the "original beast" had "pointed ears," and was called "*allum*" by the Indians in New Jersey, "who used it for protection and hunting, but likewise for food, and especially for ceremonial purposes." It probably resembled the celebrated Black Wolf Dog of Florida. Another "were-wolf" that figured in the annals of Wayne Township, Clinton County, was oftenest described by Jacob Dyce, an old gentleman who passed away in that community about twenty years ago when "well up in eighty." This wolf was a three-legged animal, and defied the hunters and trappers for a dozen years, until its hardy spirit was laid by a silver bullet fired from George Wilson's rifle—the same veteran who disposed of another of Wayne Township's spook wolves, previously described. Among the Indians on the Cornplanter and Alleghany Reservations is sometimes heard a story of a Polish trapper named John Wallize, and his Indian companions, who, about 1835, was snowed in at his hunting cabin on Windfall Run, Potter County, later the structure being buried by a landslide. A pack of ravenous wolves are said to have dug the captives out, but with a small show of gratitude were killed by Wallize and comrades. This tale was a favorite with the gallant Indian deerslayer,

Simon Black Chief, who had heard it from Tall Chief and Jim Jacobs. The sagacity of Pennsylvania wolves, especially the black wolves of the Seven Mountains, was proverbial. It is related that the philanthropic Ario Pardee was in the habit of taking solitary walks through his vast Pineries, estimating the timber and thinking out schemes for the betterment of mankind. On one of these rambles he happened into a clearing in High Valley, where he met a very small boy named Israel Riter, who was tending a few ragged looking sheep. The philanthropist perceived a large black wolf standing at the edge of the clearing, no great distance away, apparently watching the grazing animals. He communicated his discovery to the young shepherd, and advised him to set his dog on the wolf. The boy replied that such would be a risky procedure, as the wolf at the edge of the clearing was only there to attract his attention; that on the opposite side of the clearing there was no doubt another wolf, which, as soon as he turned the dog on the first wolf, would take the opportunity to carry off a sheep. The wealthy gentleman, who doubted the extraordinary story, offered young Riter that if he would try the experiment, he would make good any loss of sheep in dollars. The boy agreed, and sent his dog after the wolf, which was in plain view. No sooner had he done so when the ambushed confederate rushed out from the opposite thicket and plunged into the flock. At that moment the philanthropist's Negro body servant, Black Sam, who had been following his master unknown to him at

a respectful distance, appeared on the scene, and, raising his rifle, killed both wolves with two well-directed shots. A similar story is told in Southern France, showing the apparently universal intelligence of the wolf family. Philip Shreckengast, of Tylersville, Clinton County, recounted an experience along the same lines that happened to him when watching a flock of sheep in Little Sugar Valley. It is said that Sam Emery, of White Deer Valley, sold the hides of two brown wolves to John W. Groff, a fur buyer from Lebanon County. C. W. Dickinson had tanned the hide of a grey wolf which he killed in McKean County in May, 1873, using it as a cushion on his mowing machine and land roller until 1898, when, on moving, he burned it with a lot of rubbish. Many stories are told of the intelligence of wolves, the remarkable case recorded in Stuart Brothers' "Lays of the Deer Forest" of a blind wolf in the Highlands of Scotland that was guided through the forests by a companion by means of a rod held in the jaws of both is exceeded by a recent experience of Bud Dalrymple, the famous wofler of South Dakota. This hunter found a wolf which had dragged a heavy trap to a cave, and was unable to get about, but was fed by its comrades, the den being filled with chunks of meat—which show that wolfish sagacity was not all directed to rapine, but is compassionate in the extreme. A fox trapped in Sweden Hill, Potter County, was fed for several days by its companions, as was another fox in Sullivan County. These episodes were recounted in Pennsylvania newspapers in 1915



CHAMPION RAMSDEN REX,
Imported Russian Wolfhound Owned by the Author.

and 1916. Wolves are said to have fought over the bodies of Captain Harry Green, the "Regulator" from the Juniata country, and his companions, who were murdered by Indian marauders in Green's Gap, Clinton County, in 1801, their howling and yelping being so vociferous that settlers were attracted to the spot, and who gave the remains decent burial. White Mingo, a celebrated Indian who was murdered at Stump's Run, near Swinefordstown, now Middleburg, in 1768, gave an exhibition of personal bravery as a wolf-hunter never since equalled in Pennsylvania. When the first white settlers came to Middle Creek Valley, about 1765, they were troubled with incursions of wolves from the surrounding mountains. White Mingo came to the rescue of the pioneers by smearing blood and tallow on his moccasins and making a trail in the forest. The wolves took up the scent, until soon a pack of one hundred rapacious beasts were at the heels of this savage prototype of the Pied Piper! He timed the process so that the animals emerged from the woods near the present town of Beaver Springs, where settlers concealed behind stumps and sheds shot them down to the last one. The last pack of wolves—thirteen in number—to visit Middle Creek Valley came to a barnyard near Beavertown during the cold winter of 1840, killing a huge ox in sight of the frightened tenants of the premises. A device known as the "wolf knife" was successfully tried on the wolves in Jack's Mountain, back of Beavertown. It consisted of a sharp knife blade imbedded in frozen fat, and placed

along a path frequented by the animals. When a wolf stopped and licked the fat, the blade would cut his tongue. The sight of the blood would infuriate the pack, causing them to fight among themselves until sometimes half the pack would be slain. That there is some connection between the "wolf-notes," those wild, inexplicable variants sometimes struck on a violin, and *wolves*, is attested to by the following anecdote of Lewis Dorman, the famous hunter of the Seven Mountains, who died in 1905, and is buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, near Woodward, Centre County. As is well known, Dorman was a violinist of note. One summer evening, when camped in High Valley, he was tuning an old fiddle belonging to Jacob Riter, when accidentally a sharp "wolf note" was struck on the strings. It was answered by a wolf on the summit of the Red Top. Dorman repeated the "wolf notes" as best he could, eventually drawing the wolf off the mountain and bringing it to the edge of the clearing. The next night the hunter played some good music on his own violin, but the wolf paid no attention to it. But when again he drew the bow across the weakest part of the old, imperfect violin, the wolf was quick to respond from his mountain retreat. John Jones, a Pennsylvania poet, thus alludes to the wolves in his magnificent poem of pioneer days, "The Retrospect":

"When nights were long and winters cold,
The wolves would prowl in hunger near—
Around the house—while in the fold
The frightened lambs all cringed with fear."

Confirming Judge Henning's remarks on the poisoning of the wolves in the Blue Mountains, which ate the glandered carcasses of horses from the War of 1812, Mrs. Ella Zerby Elliott, in her "Blue Book of Schuylkill County," published in 1916, quotes an old Pottsville settler, Jeremiah Reed, as saying that the wolves died by the scores after eating the poisoned meat. Mrs. Elliott says: "In Schuylkill County the depredations of wolves about butchering time in the late Fall of the year, when they scented the odor from the freshly killed domestic animals, were particularly annoying and dangerous." Mrs. John Cobb, of Luzerne County, killed with a pitchfork a wolf that had the impertinence to enter her barnyard one morning during the cold winter of 1835.



XIII. BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

THAT the presence of wolves in a country brings out the bravest characteristics in mankind cannot be denied. It is the pabulum of heroes. Some families have fought wolves for generations, and in the wars of men they demonstrate what they have learned of valor in the chase. Take the Quinn family, for instance. Their crest is a wolf's head, erased, argent. They have been known as a race of wolf hunters and warriors in the North of Ireland for centuries. Terrence Quinn was noted among the earliest Indian fighters in Central Pennsylvania, and escaped from the awful massacre at Dry Valley in 1778. He was a noted wolf hunter in his day. He died in Buffalo Valley, August 10, 1831, aged 93 years. His son, Samuel Michael Quinn, was appointed an ensign in the Rangers commanded by the celebrated Peter Grove. In 1788 young Quinn, then, in his twentieth year, was selected as an assistant surveyor and sent into the wild regions of the West Branch. He camped at the mouth of the run, which was named after him, Quinn's Run, near the present town of Lock Haven. Modern innovations have changed the name of the run to Queen's Run. One of the young surveyor's companions, Peter Farley by name, was seized with an attack of palsy and confined to his bunk in the shack, which stood on the bank of the run



A Good Type of Pennsylvania-Bred Russian Wolfhound. Owned by J. Bailey
Wilson, Lansdowne, Delaware County.

where it emptied into the Susquehanna. A panther's tracks were noticed in the snow, and young Quinn went after it, accompanied by his faithful bull dogs. After a long chase he overtook it at the head of Rattlesnake Run, where the Blanchard cabin was afterwards built. Far up in an enormous white pine, the stab of which is still standing, the panther was crouched, its bright eyes, to use the hunter's own words, "glowed like the eyes of a demon." Quietly and quickly he raised his gun and fired, then stepped back and began to reload his muzzle-loader. As he did so the mammoth brute came tumbling down, its dead body falling in the big spring. Carrying the handsome hide, the hunter returned towards his cabin, thinking to cheer his sick companion with the story of his exploit. As he neared the shack the bull dogs began showing signs of alarm. It was almost dark, but he could make out four wolves crouched close together outside the door, motionless, their long noses scenting the warm air which came from beneath the door. His gun being reloaded with a heavy bullet, he took careful aim and fired, before the wolves could become aware of his proximity. The heavy charge penetrated the throats of all four wolves, killing them instantly. The shot aroused the sick man and he called out: "Is that you, Mickey?" to which the young hunter replied in cheery affirmative. He pushed open the door, kicking the carcasses of the four wolves before him. Peter Farley, who lived to be nearly ninety, said that he could never forget the sight which greeted

his eyes. In the doorway stood Quinn with the panther hide over his shoulder, and the four dead wolves piled about his feet. The dogs formed the background of the picture. The excitement was a help to the sick man, and he soon recovered. The two young men killed, while camped at Quinn's Run, over one hundred wolves, which naturally reduced the boldness of these animals in that neighborhood. Later in life Samuel Quinn returned to Buffalo Valley, where he became noted as a generous patron of sport. He loved good horses and encouraged horse racing in that region. On his way down country he found a stray horse in a forest. On its back were remnants of a saddle, showing that it had once belonged to some trader who had been ambushed and slain by redmen. The young Ranger was fleet of foot, and ran after it, and caught it by the mane. The animal was a dark brown in color, with a white face, well put together and was an entire. Quinn made a rude bridle out of hides and rode the animal home. He named the horse Aoidh, which is the Gaelic for Stranger. On the way a pack of wolves put in an appearance, and the young Nimrod shot a dozen of them from the horse's back, in the true old-fashioned Irish style. He used the brown horse for many years as a stock horse, and the dam of Sea Turtle, which won a twelve mile race from the Great Island to Jersey Shore, about 1835, was one of his numerous progeny. It is said that when he won this race he wore a wolf's tusk suspended by a string around his neck. Thus equipped, a



A TYPICAL IRISH WOLF DOG.

(Photo Loaned by General Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.)

racer was considered invincible on the course. Ranking a close second to Samuel Michael Quinn, in point of personal bravery, is James Wylie Miller, now of Clinton County, who was born in what is now Cameron County, in 1838. He began trapping wolves on Wykoff's Run, near Sinnemahoning, when only twelve years of age. On one occasion, when visiting his trap line, he found a large dog wolf in one of the traps. The animal was badly frightened at the sight of the intrepid young hunter, and, lying down, "quit" completely. Fearing nothing, young Miller picked up wolf and trap, and throwing them over his shoulders, started for his uncle's home, a distance of over two miles. He was a sturdily built lad, and despite the fact that the wolf weighed seventy-five pounds, made the journey easily. When the uncle saw the boy coming with the huge live wolf on his back he gave him a good scolding, pointing out the dangers of such a proceeding, that the wolf might have turned around and snapped his face off! Though Young Miller was more careful in the future, he once or twice liberated wolves he had captured to see them battle with his dogs. He states that the last wolves in Cameron County made their headquarters on Square Timber Run, where they lingered on until after the Civil War. The wolves of Cameron County and further north were of the large grey or "timber" variety, much more formidable than the small brown wolves of the West Branch Valley, which were exterminated at an earlier period. Wolves might

be living in the Cameron County wilds today, he believes, but for forest fires, the lack of food supply, and, above all, reckless poisoning. According to Seth Iredell Nelson, a man named William Bonsal, while riding horseback through a forest in Clearfield County, killed a wolf with a club; that was about 1891 or 1892. J. E. Cleveland, of Bradford County, driving a pair of fractious colts from Fox Centre, Sullivan County, to his home in Canton in the fall of 1877, encountered a large wolf in the road which badly frightened the team. Ebenezer Leach, of Luzerne County, told of a fawn in Leggett's Gap pursued closely by two wolves, which ran up to him and placed its head between his legs for protection.





SAMUEL N. RHOADS,
Author of "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey," (Published 1903)—The Great Authority on Pennsylvania
Panthers and Wolves.

XIV. CATCHING WOLVES WITH FISH HOOKS

C. W. DICKINSON is very fond of relating the following remarkable anecdote, which he has written out and which is reproduced verbatim:

"I will try to give you an account of a hunting and fishing trip when we caught two wolves with a fish hook. On May 14th, 1872, the writer started out to find a den or nest of young wolves. As there had been numerous losses of sheep slaughtered by wolves over a territory of about fifteen square miles, we had learned by experience that somewhere within this territory there was a den of wolves consisting of two old wolves and a litter of whelps. On this point we were dead certain. But in what locality was this den? From experience we had learned that these cunning brutes would not kill sheep at this season of the year within three or four miles of their den, and as three-fourths of this territory was a solid forest and the den might be outside of this territory, as wolves have been known to go fifteen or twenty miles from their den to kill sheep when they were rearing their young. In the southwestern part of this territory and a mile and a half from any neighbor's lived an old German by the name of Adam Martin, who kept quite a flock of sheep, wintering annually from 60 to 100 sheep. His farm was on top of the mountain, and the east side of his farm adjoined an abandoned farm of three hundred acres

of cleared land, which Mr. Martin utilized as a pasture for all his stock, except his hogs and calves, which he kept near his house so it would be handy to feed them. Mr. Martin's sheep ran at will on the abandoned farm from the time snow went off in the spring until he drove them to his farm after winter set in. During four years prior to May 14th, he did not lose a single sheep by wolves. We looked at this fact as being almost positive proof that the wolf den was within two or three miles of this abandoned farm, which is located on the top of the mountain between Red Mill Brook and Robin's Brook. These two streams empty into Potato Creek about four miles east of the abandoned farm. So, on May 14th, we set out in quest of the wolf den, with our knapsack on our back, containing three wolf traps, a small quantity of salt and three or four days' rations for myself and my faithful dog Rover, which always was my companion on my hunting or trapping expeditions while he lived. During spring, summer and fall a hunter or trapper always carried a fish line, a few extra hooks and package of salt. In case provisions began to run low he could catch all the trout in fifteen minutes a man could eat at one meal. After traveling about eight miles we came on the old abandoned farm known as the Bunker Hill farm. We took to the tall timber in a northwesterly direction. In less than an hour we had the trail of wolves, which Rover could follow about as fast as I cared to walk. After we followed this trail for twenty minutes we left it, as the wolves seemed to be going

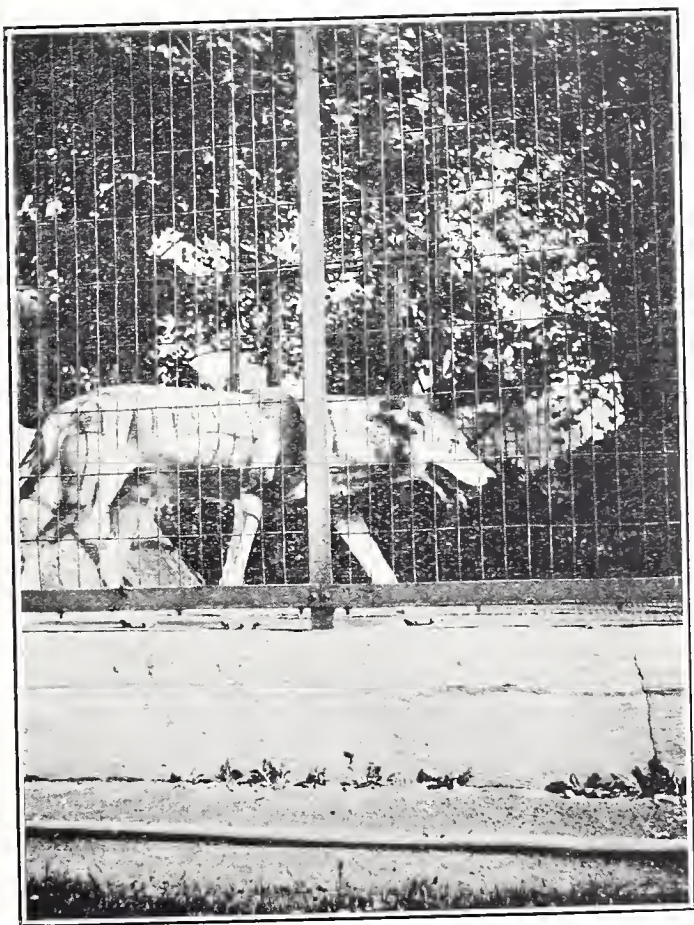


TIMBER WOLF IN WINTER PELAGE.

(From a Photo Taken in Buffalo, N. Y., Zoo, by C. W. Dickinson.)

in all directions, just looking for a woodchuck, 'coon or a rabbit to make a meal of. We started on our original course and in about thirty minutes we had another trail, which was zigzagging around as bad as a fox in a meadow hunting mice. These crooked trails we did not want. We wanted to find the trail of wolves that were traveling in a straight line in any one direction, for that was the trail to lead us to the den, so we struck out again. About 2.30 P. M. we struck a trail that looked better to me, as they were traveling a little east of south and going as straight as a bee would fly to his tree. We followed this trail until after sundown, came to a small spring run and decided to camp for the night by this run so as to have water handy for supper and breakfast. We gathered a pile of old chunks of wood for a fire, for at this season of the year the nights are cool in the mountains. After we got a good camp fire started we ate our supper and we began to howl like a wolf and kept this up at intervals of every twenty minutes until 10.30, when we got two wolves to answer us. They were on top of the mountain and northeast of us. In about forty minutes they answered us again on the top of a hill to the northwest and about a half mile away. Next time they answered south of us, and clear at the top of the mountain. We knew they were about in the edge of the northeast corner of Bunker Hill farm. Then we laid down by the camp fire and went to sleep. We were up with the birds in the morning, ate our breakfast and ready to start on the trail just as the

sun came in sight in the east. Right here we made a blunder, as the dog wanted to take the trail we were following the night before, while I had made up my mind to go to the top of the mountain where the wolves had answered me first the evening before. When we went about one-third the distance to the hill top we found a path or trail that only an experienced woodsman would detect. This path led straight up or down the hill, and as old Rover wanted to go down hill, we decided to follow him. We had gone about thirty rods when we came to a flat rock. This rock was about level on top and about sixteen feet square. The ground on the hillside was as high as the rock, while the down-hill side of the rock was about three feet above the ground. The leaves that had fallen from the trees for ages lay on this rock the same as they did on the ground around it. Here on top of this rock, about the centre part of it, was something that looked nice to me. Here in the leaves was a wolf's bed that had been occupied many times. It resembled a dog's bed in a straw pile; a ring of leaves about six inches high all worn fine. And at this season of the year, being the time all animals shed their winter coat, there was wolf hair enough in this bed, and mixed with the broken leaves in the ring around it, to make a dozen birds' nests. Now we are sure we are going to find the coveted prize. As we looked for the path from this rock we could not see any, so decided we were "in wrong" and retraced our path up the hill. After we had gone six or eight rods past the point where



TIMBER WOLF IN SUMMER PELAGE.
(Photo Taken in Buffalo Zoo by C. W. Dickinson.)



we first hit this path, we noticed a path coming into the path we were following, but at the angle the path came would indicate we were going in the wrong direction. A few rods farther on a path came in on the opposite side, and a little further on another path, and other paths, and auguring wrong for us to be going in the right direction, and the path we were following kept getting smaller until we got on top of the mountain, when we did not have any path. As it was very cold, there being a heavy frost, and the sun shone in through an open space, we sat on an old log in the sunlight to get warm and to think the subject over. After a few minutes we thought we would howl and see if the wolves would answer us. In about two seconds one of them answered. It was about fifty rods away in an easterly direction. Before the sound had died away the other one answered about the same distance away, but to the west. They kept howling to each other, so we kept still and waited. The sound of the one east was getting nearer. Directly we saw the animal coming. We got in position to shoot it, but to our surprise our rifle would not stand cocked. We tried to hold the hammer back with our thumb and shoot by letting the hammer slip from under the thumb, but the thumb hid the sights, so the wolf got away with a whole hide. I took my lock off and found that oil that had been put on the lock the Fall before had become gummy and thick, and the cold night had made it so hard it would not let the "dog" work enough to catch in the cocked notch. After

scraping the thick oil out with the point of a knife blade I found the lock would work all right. After putting the lock back in place we retraced our steps back down hill to the flat rock, wondering all the time at what made the path end so abruptly at that point. Two or three years prior to this a beech tree that stood at the upper edge of the rock had broken off and fallen down the hill over this rock. The force of this tree falling down hill had carried the butt of the tree about half way across the rock. As we got to this rock old Rover trotted through the bed, jumped on to the butt of the tree, trotted down the log until he got among the limbs, jumped off on the right side, and as soon as he started from the log I could see the path very plain. I stopped him, went down to where he was, told him to go on; he went about five rods to the side of a large rock that was about fifteen feet high and about thirty feet square. The dog walked along to the corner of the rock, turned to the right, and as soon as I turned this corner the dog was looking into a large hole under and about the middle of the rock. The first glance told us we had the den sure, whether we got any wolves or not. We let the dog go in under the rock and after a minute called him out by chirping to him. The young wolves followed him to the mouth of the hole. There were seven of them, pretty little "cusses," too, but how were we to get them? That was the perplexing problem. We began to look for a small sapling that forked out three or four feet from the ground. We soon found one, the prong being

about six feet long. These prongs we twisted into switches, taking hold of the two switched prongs about half way to the top, from the point where they separated from the prongs together with the tops of each prong pointing in opposite directions, then tied them with a small string, then wound the top end of one prong around the butt end of the other several times to the point they pronged, tied this fast, then wound the other side in the same way. This left a hoop about two feet in diameter. We took our hatchet, cut the sapling so the part below the prongs was three feet long. We sent the dog into the den. As soon as we heard the whelps whining around the dog we chirped to him. He came out, the whelps trotting along with him until they were within two feet of the hole. We had one hoop in position before calling the dog out. We stood as much out of sight as possible and allow us to see into the hole, holding our hoop close up against the rock, and when the little "brats" stopped to bark at us we dropped the hoop over two of them, giving them a quick jerk. They rolled outdoors about three feet. We dropped our hoop and clinched them. Holy smoke, how they did yell! At first they tried to bite, but as soon as they found out we were not going to hurt them, we could handle them as well as you could handle little puppies four or five weeks old. The experience we had with other dens in former years, we were certain we could not fool these little chaps again the same day. We went forty rods from the den, cut three clogs, one for each trap

we had with us; we set a trap in the two paths that seemed to be the most traveled. Then we went back, let the dog go under the rock again, but nothing doing. Could not get a whine from the little fellows. We went and cut a little sapling a little larger, for a good fish pole, cut the top off at a point where the pole was three-eighths of an inch in diameter, tied the largest fish-hook we had on to the top end of the pole. Then we crawled under the rock as far as the cavity was large enough for us to go, then ran the pole on under the rock, judging from the feeling to tell whether it hit a stone or hard ground or an animal. Directly I was sure it hit an animal. I gave a little jerk, and at that a young wolf began to 'ki-yi.' I backed out from under the rock, pulling the pole with me, and I pulled the little wolf out. We found the hook was fast in the muscles of his foreleg close to the body. After getting the hook out of the leg we put the pup into the knapsack and crawled into the den again, and in less than five minutes we had another one hooked. This one was hooked through the left forefoot. After getting him off the hook we crawled under again and fished until we were so tired we had to quit, and as it was late in the afternoon we set the remaining trap in the hole and went home, taking the four wolves with us. Early the next morning we took six wolf traps and went back to the den. On arriving there we found everything as we had left it the day before. We took up the trap in the hole as cautious as possible, got my hoop and let the dog go under. We soon heard



**GRAVE OF BILL PURSLEY,
Weikert, Union County, Died February 3, 1893, Aged 87 Years,
Who With William Moyer and Jacob F. Barnet Surprised
and Killed Eleven Black Wolves in Their Nest on
Weikert Run, 1857.**

the whelps whining. We chirped to the dog, and as he came out one whelp came close enough. We caught him with the hoop. Then we tried the fish pole again. Nothing doing! We went and set the six traps in the paths that came in towards the den. We went to the den, let the dog go under again, but nothing doing. Tried the fish pole again. Got nothing. We had a heavy chalk line with us. I took the wolf we got in the morning, tied this chalk line to his neck, crawled under as far as I could get and let him go back into the den, letting the line out as fast as he went in. He went whining along until he found company. Then we began to pull him back. He began to whine and kept it up until we drew him up to us. Now it was as dark as night, our body filled the hole so we could see nothing. We felt back of the one we had, and got one of the remaining ones by a leg, held on to him, backed out of the den; so now we had six out of the seven. A cousin of mine, a slim, puny boy of sixteen, wanted to go with me this day, and I took him along, as he was so anxious to see a wolf den, and as it was afternoon we went to where I had camped the first night out, to eat our dinner. It was not over fifty rods from the den. After dinner I asked my cousin to go trout fishing with me for an hour or two. He said he would rather lie down and sleep, as he got up so early, so I went fishing for one and a half hours and caught 85 nice trout, but on my return I was startled not to find the boy. I 'hollered' as loud as I could yell, but got no answer. As we looked around we noticed our knap-

sack was gone, and the two wolves with it. The thought struck us the boy might have gone to the den, so we ran to it, and got there just in time to see that boy back out from under the rock with the seventh wolf. Now, we don't believe that there was another boy of his size and age within the State that could have been hired to go there into that den. My cousin, whose name is F. A. Gallup, is still alive, and resides in the vicinity of Smethport. We kept our traps set in the paths for two months, and did not catch a thing except hedgehogs, rabbits and woodchucks."

According to Dr. McKnight, Dickinson was not the only Pennsylvania hunter who caught wolves with hooks. In the good doctor's "Pioneer Outline History of Northwestern Pennsylvania," it is related how Bill Long, "The King Hunter," in 1845, used an iron hook to draw eight pups out of a wolf's den four miles from the present town of Sigel, Jefferson County. Holmes Wiley, a noted wolf hunter of Garrett County, Maryland, whose expeditions often extended into Southern Pennsylvania, made a specialty of entering wolf dens and capturing the pups alive, often encountering and vanquishing the justly infuriated parent wolves.



XV. HISTORICAL DATA.

BEFORE bringing to a close this treatise on the wolves in Pennsylvania, it might be well to mention some evidences of their historical antiquity and connection with the early Indians. After the Erie Indians had been vanquished and departed from the region south of Lake Erie it was not occupied by any Indians for a number of years. As a consequence the entire country south of the lake became infested with great packs of wolves. When the distinguished explorer, Rene La Salle, passed along the southern shore of Lake Erie, in 1680, the wolves had increased to such numbers as to endanger travel through the entire region. The present Crawford, Mercer and other Northwestern Counties were swarming with wolves when the first travelers passed through that region. Wolf Creek (or Tummeink, "Place of Wolves"), in Mercer and Butler Counties, is a name which no doubt belongs to this period of wolves. The early French pioneers called the Lenni-Lenape Indians "wolves," because they were first brought into contact with the Munsee, the "Wolf" tribe of the Lenni-Lenape. The name of this clan was "Took-seat," meaning "Round Paw," and having reference to the wolf. The Minsi (often confused with the Munsee) was the "Wolf" clan of the Munsee tribe. A Minsi, or Minisink, was a member of the Wolf clan of the Wolf tribe of the

Lenni-Lenape. During the various periods of Indian hostilities in what is now Pennsylvania, the Munsee, and especially the Minsi, were the most hostile to the white settlers because of having been driven from the country adjacent to the Delaware River by the various purchases of the Penn family, and then driven from the Susquehanna, notably at Wyoming, by the various Susquehanna purchases. The Munsee were usually allied with the Mahickons and the Senecas, and became veritable "wolves" in their raids on settlements. The above information was furnished to the writer by Rev. Dr. George P. Donehoo, of Coudersport, one of the great authorities on the Indian period in Pennsylvania, and the able secretary of the State Historical Commission. The history of the Indians is closely interwoven with that of the wolves, and further researches will surely unearth a wealth of interesting materials.

END OF PART I.

(Part II will comprise the Moose, Elk, Bison, Beaver, Pine Marten, Fisher, Glutton and Canada Lynx.)





GRAVE OF JACOB F. BARNET,
One of Bill Pursley's Companions on the Great "Surprise"
Wolf Hunt of 1857.

ADDENDA.

AMMON WILT, the Lock Haven blacksmith, states that in the fall of 1876 two boys, Joe and Oliver Lenhart, aged 10 and 12 years, respectively, residing near Westover, Clearfield County, while shooting at mark with an old shot gun saw a panther stealthily entering the lot. With a well-directed shot they killed the monster, which measured eleven feet from tip to tip. It is related that Daniel Karstetter, when residing near Coburn in the old days, heard a snarling under the bake-oven, and on investigation found a huge panther engaged in devouring a domestic cat. The long rifle was quickly put into position and the great brute was killed instantly from a bullet planted squarely between his eyes.

* * * *

Jesse Logan, Indian hunter, stated that the favorite method of the redmen of hunting the panther was to follow its tracks in the snow, the hunters traveling on snow shoes, and being armed with long oak shafts much like those used in playing the game of Snow Snake. These were sharpened to the fineness of knife-blades at the tips. When the animal was overtaken it was speared to death by the Nimrods. This exciting sport was carried on by the Pennsylvania Indians until early in the Nineteenth Century.

The history of the panther in Pennsylvania is not complete without mention of Jesse Hughes, one of the leading hunters of Lycoming County. Many are the tales recounted of his adventures with the Pennsylvania lion. On one occasion he was driving his team through Antes Gap, in the direction of Jersey Shore, his sled being loaded with freshly killed beef. Near the old Woolen Mill a panther leaped from a tree, narrowly missing the sled. Hughes always carried a rifle under the driver's box, which he brought quickly into position and with a well-directed bullet, ended the monster's life, as it lay sprawling by the roadside. John Vanatta Phillips, of Chatham's Run, Clinton County, a relative of Hughes, also had an occasional "run-in" with the lion of Pennsylvania. One Sunday morning, immaculately attired (he was known as the best dressed man in the county), Phillips was on his way to Sunday School. His path lay through a dense wood. A tree had been blown across the path, on which lay a huge tawny panther fast asleep. Phillips not wishing to make a detour, took off his tall beaver hat and struck the sleeping brute a heavy "crack" across the back of the neck. The panther woke up, uttered a piercing yell, and galloped off into the depths of the forest.

* * * *

It is related that on one occasion Daniel Karstetter was resting after a hard day's hunt in Allemingle Valley near Coburn, and had fallen into a doze leaning up against a giant hemlock, when waking sud-

denly he beheld a pack of twenty wolves staring at him. He opened his mouth to shout at the inquisitive brutes, but found himself speechless. He complained of hoarseness for several days afterwards. This incident recalls the old French superstition that the sight of a wolf produces dumbness, the saying being when persons suddenly become hoarse that "Il a vu le loup." (He has seen the wolf.)

* * * *

The early scarcity of wolves in Western Pennsylvania is attested to by the statement in the "History of Mercer County" that in 1807 bounties were paid on the scalps of only thirty-one wolves in that county.

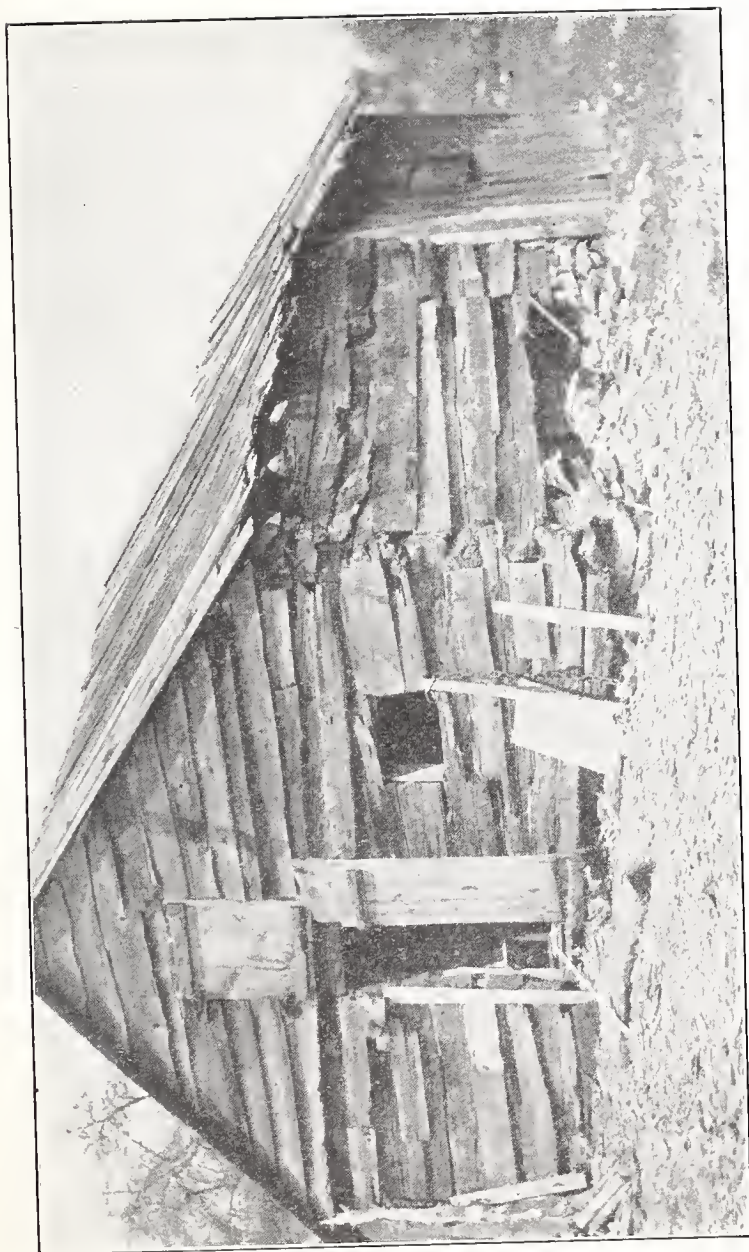
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Former Governor Pennypacker, in his "History of Phoenixville," published in 1872, stated that the last wolf discovered and killed in the dense woods at Valley Forge, Chester County, met its death in 1780. Further on in the book he says: "In March, 1731, Moses Coates purchased 150 acres of land along the Northern Bank of the French Creek, where North Phoenixville now is, and erected a dwelling. At this time the only inhabitants upon the Manavon Tract were himself, Francis Buckwalter, and an Indian named Skye. The wolves were so numerous that the sheepfold for security, was placed against the house, and for many years afterwards, in the Winter mornings, the snow would be found beaten down by the struggles of these animals in their efforts to effect an

entrance. When they became too daring, a gun discharged from the window into the pack would disperse them temporarily."

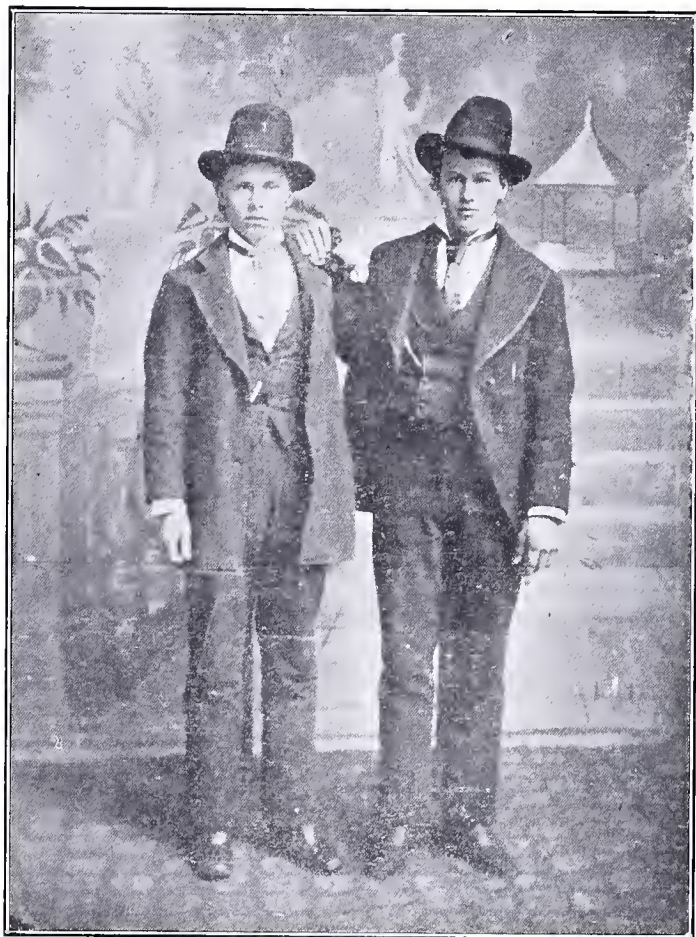
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Jacob Meyer, an elderly resident of Carroll, Clinton County, recently told A. D. Karstetter, Postmaster of Loganton, that one Winter night during the Civil War, after "sitting up" with his "best girl," he had occasion to cross the Wolf's Path, on the Northerly side of Eastern Sugar Valley, when homeward bound. It was in the "we sma' hours" and the stars had begun to wane. Suddenly Meyer heard a yelping and snarling, only to find himself surrounded by a dozen huge grey wolves. The animals kept surrounding him, gnashing their teeth, and switching him with their hairy tails, but made no further effort to molest him. But when he started to walk, they acted as if they wanted to trip him. He was unarmed so decided to make the best of the situation. The wolves gambolled about him until at the first grey streaks of dawn they disappeared up the path in the direction of Nittany Mountain. Meyer was almost frozen, being deprived of the power of speech for several hours after returning to his residence. Meyer's adventure recalls an almost similar experience of William Penn, Founder of Pennsylvania, as described by former Governor Pennypacker. The famous Quaker, who had been inspecting some property in Chester County, near Phoenixville, became belated and lost his way. Night



BARN IN TREASTER VALLEY (CENTRE COUNTY);
Where Dan Treaster and Wife Were Often Marooned Over Night
By Packs of Black Wolves.





CHARLES IVES AND THEODORE PIERCE,
Slayers of a Wolf on Kinzua Creek, McKean County, 1888.

settling on, he was surrounded in the dense forest by a pack of snarling, snapping wolves. The ugly brutes played about his feet all night in a most tantalizing fashion, severely trying his nerves and temper, he being, of course, unarmed. At about daybreak the wolves departed, leaving Penn to get back to civilization as best he could. Ever afterwards he referred to the hill where he had been tormented by the wolves as "Mount Misery" and the hill where emerged from the forest in safety as "Mount Joy."

* * * *

Juliana Barnes, or Berners, an early English huntress, born about 1388, like other writers of the period, places the wolf among the four animals of venery, or sport royal, the others being the hart, hare and boar, in her "Book of St. Albans." (Published after her death.)

* * * *

It is a singular circumstance that the Lovett family, who were noted as wolf hunters in England in the "Middle Ages"—their arms are *three wolves, passant*, sprang into prominence as wolf hunters in the Black Forest of Pennsylvania during the second half of the Nineteenth Century. Their name is said to be derived from Luvet, or Loup, meaning *wolf*.

* * * *

"Jack" Allen, a New Hampshire hunter, (born in 1835) is said by the noted author, Charles E. Beals, Jr.,

to have been followed by wolves for many miles while skating one night on the River Saint John, in Maine, years ago, recalling Jacob Franck's similar adventure on the Sinnemahoning in Pennsylvania.

* * * *

It is stated that at the funeral of the noted Indian Chief Passaconaway, in Maine, in 1682, animals to the number of 6,711 constituted the funeral offering, among them 240 wolves.

* * * *

John W. Crawford, of Chatham's Run, Clinton County, reports that one morning during the cold weather in February, 1917, an animal probably a coyote but resembling a wolf, was seen crossing the old canal bed on the Charles Stewart farm, near that place.

(The above paragraphs were inadvertently omitted in the compilation of the book.)



